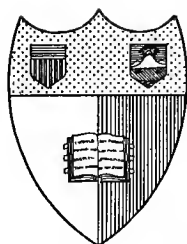


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ARTHUR COLERIDGE
REMINISCENCES

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REMINISCENCES

EDITED BY

J. A. FULLER-MAITLAND

WITH ADDITIONS BY

THE LATE F. WARRE CORNISH

VICE-PROVOST OF ETON

SIR W. RYLAND ADKINS, M.P.

AND

L. SPENCER HOLLAND

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PREFACE

[ARTHUR DUKE COLERIDGE, born at Ottery St. Mary,
Feb. 1, 1830; died in London, Oct. 29, 1913.]

VERY few people have had so fine a gift for friendship as Arthur Coleridge; at the same time his versatility was so great, and his many sides so delightful, that no memoir written by any one of his friends could possibly give an adequate idea of what he was, unless that person could be supposed to combine the functions of a bishop, an opera singer, and a judge. In any of these capacities Coleridge would have left his mark upon the world, and in any of them he would have paid homage to those who were prominent in the other two. His inexhaustible fund of admiration was due to no snobbery of the mind, but was a natural recognition of personal achievement and official dignity. His religious faith was childlike and steadfast, and attendance at a daily service was almost essential to his happiness and well-being. This devotion to the church of his fathers passed on to her

human representatives ; he was as incapable as Dr. Johnson of contradicting a bishop, and there is a story of an old friend who, meeting him on the steps of the Athenaeum, and guessing from his expression that some church dignitary was indisposed, hazarded the question, "Well, Arthur, how's the Dean?" receiving a detailed bulletin on the health of some one of whom the questioner had never heard. So great was his admiration for the office of organist that he would often maintain that the Athenaeum should confer its highest distinction, that of election under Rule II., upon the organists of the principal London churches, without regard to their musical merits or social standing. Many cathedral organists became his intimate friends, and a friendship once formed was exceedingly difficult to forfeit. He was not given to making friends rapidly, but there was nothing he would not do for a friend once taken to his heart.

His official work, which brought him into association with so many judges, is dealt with in the last chapter of these reminiscences by two of his circuit intimates, one of whom often undertook Coleridge's duties towards the end of his life. Mr. L. Spencer Holland

has accomplished the difficult task of filling a very unfortunate gap in these recollections; the chapter of legal stories had been almost completed by Arthur Coleridge, and after his death was revised, with a view to enlargement, by three of his old friends; in the course of transmission from one to another it disappeared, and what now takes its place as the last chapter of this book is hardly more than a pale reflection of what the section was at first.

Coleridge left his *Reminiscences* complete, all but the chapter on Cambridge, and his recollections of literary and artistic people. These have been filled out with the aid of some bulky volumes, neither wholly journals nor wholly extract books, in which he would put down whatever struck him in books or in life. It is not always easy to disentangle that which has been published before from that which is new in these books, which were used for *Eton in the Forties*, for the chapter contributed to *Tennyson and his Friends*, and for various articles, as well as for the lectures on musicians delivered in various parts of the country. By means of these an important work was done in helping the musical revival in England. They were

in their nature popular, and derived no small part of their value from the musical illustrations, which were often chosen from works hardly known in England, even to musicians. Out-of-the-way compositions that possessed inherent or historical interest were brought to light, and while the lectures were mainly intended for country amateurs, a more highly educated circle of friends was accustomed to expect great things from the programme of the annual concert or musical party in which the hospitality of Cromwell Place found its climax. At a time when Wagner's later works were as yet untried in England, large selections from *Tristan* or the *Ring* would be given, and many amateur singers will remember, not without amusement, the successive teams that undertook the septet in *Tannhäuser*, or the ensemble of the *Huguenots*. Occasionally, too, a Bach cantata would be given entire, for Coleridge was one of the earliest of English Bach enthusiasts. His wide influence and the energy of his admiration had a more important result in the formation of the Bach Choir. For it was he who brought together the body of keen and hard-working amateurs who had the distinction of singing the

B minor Mass for the first time in England, under the direction of Otto Goldschmidt and the personal supervision and help of his wife, Jenny Lind-Goldschmidt. Years after his own beautiful tenor voice had "gone to heaven"—to quote one of his oldest friends—he helped to form another society for the study of Bach's Church Cantatas in regular order, following the ecclesiastical year for which they were originally composed. In a quiet way these informal meetings did much to stimulate the vogue of some of the supreme things in music.

There can be few now alive who heard Arthur Coleridge in the days when Clara Novello and many others accepted him as a worthy musical associate, but certain characteristics remained long after the sonority of the voice had departed. He had learnt from Schira many of the secrets of the *bel canto* which reigned in his youth, and there was a moment in his life when the career of an opera singer was open to him. But his fastidious purity of soul and his strong insight into character made him only too well aware of the "seamy side" of professional life as it then was, and his marriage put an end to whatever theatrical

ambitions he had formed. That his ringing notes, strong musical instincts, and dramatic sense would have brought him success on the operatic stage can hardly be doubted even by those who are most unwilling to admit the existence of great powers in an English amateur, but it is equally certain that the work he did for music was at least as important as that which a public career would have offered him.

The late Vice-Provost of Eton, who was to have taken an important part in editing these reminiscences, wrote, a little time before his death, a short appreciation of his old friend which may fitly be inserted here.

A. D. C.

The present volume is due to the fact that Arthur Coleridge had before his death begun and partly finished some autobiographical chapters, which the editors have thought it best to publish, with some omissions and alterations which they hope would have been approved by the author himself. They are the more inclined to believe this, that he submitted to them the greater part of what he had written. The autobiography is an

addition to the recollections of boyhood published in *Eton in the Forties* (Macmillan, 1898).

It is difficult, if not impossible, to convey in writing an impression of so unique a personality as Arthur Coleridge. For those many friends who survive him it is not needed ; but we should like to give some impression of what he was to others who never came within his influence.

Above all, Arthur Coleridge had a capacity for friendship. His heartiness and affection were irresistible, because they were genuine, an ever-flowing well of loving-kindness, all the more truthful in that his friendships were not indiscriminate, and that he could feel resentment if he thought his impulses of friendship had not met with a friendly response. I have not known in my life a friend more generous, just, and trustworthy. This was the more remarkable because he had many friends who could say the same ; and there was no jealousy among his friends, for he gave to each what belonged to him ; he did not mix up friends and friendships indiscriminately, but had as it were by instinct, not of purpose, a place for each. Something of the same sort might be observed in his daughter Mary's friendships. She

was at no pains to make her friends acquainted unless she saw that they were well suited to each other. Both father and daughter had a clear view and a clear purpose in friendship, and both valued their independence. In Arthur's case this was favoured by the circumstances of his life ; at Cambridge and Eton, at Lichfield, Warwick, and at many places which he visited on circuit he had friends who delighted to be his hosts, for his beautiful courtesy as well as his spirit and geniality in conversation made him welcome everywhere, so that he had colonies of friends ready to claim him wherever he went, with all of whom he kept up a constant correspondence, for his industry in letter-writing was incredible, and he would quote with appreciation Johnson's saying, " Keep your friendships in repair." Besides this large circle of friends in town and country he was never unmindful of his own and his wife's numerous relations. He felt strongly the tie of blood, and nothing in his life vexed him more than the necessity of taking sides in the family troubles which ensued on Lord Chief Justice Coleridge's second marriage.

But his benevolence was not confined to

the large circle of friends in respect of whom he was on some footing of equality ; it flowed in many channels. There were always three or four friends, living in distant parts of London, blind, crippled, or imprisoned by illness, to whom he went weekly to read for an hour. He kept touch with old Sunday school scholars, students of the Royal College of Music, choristers and their children, and delighted in seeing them at Christmas dinners at his house in Cromwell Place. To not a few he gave substantial help in their profession ; he never forgot any one whom he had helped, and was not content with merely not forgetting, but did good actively and effectively. As he never wasted time or money, he had both to give and gave them unsparingly. Few people knew how large his benefactions were, and though he lost money more than once by the fault of his friends, this did not make him less bountiful. His chief season of giving, if I rightly interpret expressions occurring in his diaries and dropped in conversation, was at Christmas-time, when he looked into his accounts and settled what he had to spare ; and his generosity never lagged behind his justice.

F. WARRE CORNISH.

The Editor's thanks are due to the Rev. Gerard H. B. Coleridge for permission to print the letter of S. T. Coleridge (pp. 42-43), to the Rev. G. C. Keble for the Rev. John Keble's letters (pp. 20-37), and to Mrs. Holman Hunt for leave to print her husband's letter (pp. 159-160).

J. A. FULLER-MAITLAND.

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CHAPTER I

OTTERY ST. MARY

MORE than one of my friends have suggested to me to record the memories of a commonplace life, redressed only by fusion and contact with men head and shoulders above me, without adding a cubit to my own stature. It is of them and not of myself that I would speak. One of the most clamorous of these friends was the late Lord Justice Mathew, who now and again cross-examined me at the Athenaeum and elsewhere with "Well, A. D. C., how's the book getting on? How many chapters are finished?"

I was born at Ottery St. Mary in Devonshire—"him the banks of Otter nourished, fair-haired boy"—and we Coleridges are proud of our birthplace, our Church, our river. None of these three objects "lacks a sacred poet," the last being my own

relative, the present Lord Coleridge, on whose shoulders the ermine worn by his grandfather and father seems to have fallen in triple and perfectly natural folds. I answer for his conservatism in respect of all that is distinctly lovable and venerable in a place dear from associations to John Keble, George Cornish, and other singers whose names the world will not willingly let die. Our Ottery visitors in past ages, such as Oliver Cromwell or Sir Thomas Fairfax, are part of England's history. The Protector did not protect our dear old Collegiate Church, where he stabled his odious horses; I have some hopes that Fairfax, who discussed in my grandfather's dining-room with Cromwell a plan of campaign against the King's forces in the west, would have disapproved of this sacrilege. Will any one verify for me the story once told me by a verger in York Minster, to the effect that the painted windows were saved in tumultuous days by Fairfax himself? He was a Yorkshireman, and doubtless as proud of his Cathedral as we Devonians are of Exeter. I remember the *ipsissima verba* of my cicerone at York: "Fairfax, addressing some iconoclast, axe

in hand, said, 'The first man who touches one of these windows shall be shot.' " I hope this is a true bill.

I pass over some famous indigenous names, such as Sir Walter Raleigh, Carew and others ; amongst kings who left their cards, nay more, sojourned at Ottery, were Henry VI. in 1451 and Henry VII. in 1497, at the termination of the insurrection of Perkin Warbeck. In 1688 William III. sampled our town before his fortnight's sojourn at the Exeter Deanery. Long before that time, away had gone rood-screens and images from the Church, on which the pious gaze of generations had been fixed. The history of the " Chanter's House " has been told by Lord Coleridge,¹ and I am dealing with modern days and matters and things belonging to my childhood.

As a lad, I was asked on a visit to Up-Ottery, by Lord Sidmouth, son of Addington the Prime Minister. I saw there a table at which Nelson had sat and discussed with his friend the possibilities of his last campaign. Some wine and water was tilted over by the Admiral, and with his finger he mapped out a wet sketch of the where-

¹ *The Story of a Devonshire House*, Chapter VI.

abouts of his probable meeting with the enemy. The fact is duly recorded on a brass covering the table. Lord Sidmouth was a boy of ten years of age on the occasion of Nelson's visit; he remembered Nelson's impatience for the start of an afternoon drive, and his eager "Now, my boy, man the boat" before the carriage left the door. I have one point of union with Roman Catholics in my worship of relics, and more than once discussed my weakness with Lord Tennyson. Both of us had seen Sir Walter Scott's hat at Abbotsford; I doffed my own in reverence, but the Poet Laureate did not care for it; still less did he care for a wineglass in the possession of Miss Langton, niece of Dr. Johnson's friend. The lady added that Johnson used to stir the lemonade in it with his fingers; the incident, Lord Tennyson thought, had better have been suppressed. Once I rashly talked of some personal weakness reported by Eton tradition of Arthur Hallam, and the result was a wholesome snub which took a little time to be forgotten.

I have a real regard for the memory of Dr. Cornish, who presided for long years at Ottery School. Its list of *alumni* who

became famous in after life is a good school record. Henry Nelson Coleridge, 1798–1845, was a brilliant scholar, and at his death was well on his way to an Equity Judgeship; Richard Hurrell Froude, 1803–1836, was a famous leader of thought at Oxford; William Hart Coleridge, 1789–1849, was the first Bishop of Barbadoes, and during his curacy at St. Andrew's, Holborn, is said to have christened Benjamin Disraeli; John Coleridge Patteson, 1827–1871, Missionary Bishop of Melanesia, one of the noblest of Eton's sons, has the record of his martyrdom on a wayside memorial near Ottery; John Taylor Coleridge, 1790–1876, who was a second father to me, was a famous judge; Sir John Kennaway and others less well known were good men and true in their generations. Another Ottery boy who achieved great distinction was Mr. Justice Buller, the favourite Puisne Judge of Lord Mansfield, who, when about to surrender his high office, did all he could to induce Pitt to make Buller Chief Justice of the King's Bench, but in vain. Buller found himself set aside in favour of Lord Kenyon, who was known as "Taffy"; Buller, mortified by disappointment, retired to the Court

of Common Pleas and died soon afterwards. Lord Campbell, whose *Lives of the Chief Justices* are a perfect gold-mine of legal traditions, has a specially good story of Kenyon, who was a great lawyer and a notorious screw. After his death, the old-fashioned hatchment was raised over his door; it was inscribed "*Mors janua vita*," and Ellenborough, asked to explain the patent blunder in the Latin quotation, said, "It was no mistake: Taffy wished to spare his executors the expense of a diphthong."

The two Head Masters of Ottery School in whom I am naturally most keenly interested were John Coleridge and his son George, a pious and learned man who sent up his nephew William straight from Ottery School to Christ Church, Oxford, where he won a double first class, an achievement repeated in after years by my cousin Herbert, who was a phenomenon in the way of learning. Herbert died early, and when assured that his life would not last more than eighteen months, solaced himself with the reflection that "it was just long enough to learn Icelandic." He made such progress that the editor of the Dictionary to which

he had been a chief contributor had to wait long for a properly qualified successor.

I am allowed to quote from *A Study in Heredity*, by T. H. S. Escott, some interesting remarks on members of my family, but with this exception I mean to rely on information I myself have gathered from conversation with my elders and the few who remembered the Coleridge best known on the roll of Fame.

“As for the Coleridges themselves, De Quincey has reminded us that didacticism as a Coleridge trait did not begin with Samuel Taylor Coleridge himself, but formed a portion of his intellectual patrimony. His father, Vicar of Ottery St. Mary, and Head Master of the local Grammar School, had all Parson Adams’s erudition, inexperience and guileless simplicity. A Latin Grammar reformer, he inflicted on his pupils a new theory of declension. This included the disuse of the ablative case, and, by way of making things easier, he introduced in its place the ‘quale quare quidditive’ case.

“In the pulpit the Reverend John Coleridge prided himself not so much on learning or eloquence as on delivering the immediate language of the Holy Ghost. His younger son, the future poet, surpassed

all his eight brothers and four sisters in the unction with which, from the elevation of a parlour chair, he recited, in the family game of church service, the paternal discourse to the congregation on the preceding Sabbath. When, therefore, Lamb rallied his friend on the sermonising habit, Coleridge had had time to attain some proficiency in it. By him the faculty, with a good deal besides, was transmitted to his son Hartley. . . . The quality thus caricatured in the child survived him in the remarkable line of whose moral and mental inheritance it formed a part. A judge for each of three generations is not often supplied by one and the same family. This notable succession began with Mr. Justice Coleridge, of Anglican as well as legal fame, and was continued by his son, the Lord Chief Justice of the Victorian age, whose 'Would it surprise you to hear?' recurred so constantly in his interrogatories to the Tichborne claimant. That was not the only occasion on which the Lord Chief Justice may have justified Serjeant Ballantyne's remark that he never could deliver a charge without also preaching a sermon. In the 'eighties' a libel action in his Court against the *World*

gave him a text for a jeremiad against society papers. As the doomed editor, Edmund Yates, disappeared from the place, not a little of a Hebrew prophet's fire flamed forth from the eyes, kindled the scarlet face and lent all the shrillness of inspiration to the passion with which the righteously offended Judge shrieked forth his anathemas upon 'the degrading traffic in utterly attenuated personalities.' The moral and intellectual temper which made a particular evil-doer the text for the homily on the general sins of a system was not so much the personal characteristic of the judge, as an unconscious reminiscence of the Oxford Schools and Common rooms of his youth."

The simple Ottery people believed implicitly in their native gentlefolk. Colonel James Coleridge of Heath's Court, well remembered by me, was aide-de-camp to General Simcoe, and old John Reed, head of our Post Office at Ottery, described him as "the finest disciplined man, sir, that ever entered the British Army. Between you and me, sir, I believe he was as good as Napoleon."

I wish it were possible to forget the oddities and incongruities that attended the services in the dear old Church where I

worshipped in my earliest days. Vergers and Parish Clerks have had their innings, and are by now pretty well played out. The annual anthem at Christmas or Easter was "awful mirth" indeed, particularly with the double-bass *obbligato* and a village Lablache for the soloist. Another official was Gover the sexton, who must have been old enough to remember John Coleridge's polyglot sermons; he wore a rusty gown on Sundays and patrolled the Church, cane in hand, rousing from his slumbers any young Eutychus given to snoring. Gover was said to be rather addicted to strong waters, and to have sung at his grave-making. Some local poet wrote of him,

Little Gover, brave and bold,
He buries young, he buries old,
For rich or poor nought careth he,
But sips his glass and takes his fee.

I read *Pendennis* for the first time in 1849, the year of its publication. Thackeray, during his Charterhouse days, spent part of his vacations at Larkbeare, then occupied by his stepfather, Major Carmichael Smyth. The scene of many of the incidents is laid in our neighbourhood. Clavering St. Mary is Ottery, Chatteris is Exeter, Baymouth

is Sidmouth and the river Brawl is the Otter. In *Fraser's Magazine*, to which Thackeray contributed for many years, there is in the number for November 1854 an article entitled "Clavering St. Mary and a Talk about Devonshire Worthies," which confirms this identity, where it speaks of "the birthplace of Pendennis, that Little old Town of Clavering St. Mary, past which the rapid river Brawl holds on its shining course, and which boasts a fine old Church with great grey towers, of which the sun illuminates the delicate carving, deepening the shadows of the deep buttresses, and gilding the glittering windows and flaming vane." The writer prefers the pre-Restoration days; I disagree with him in his conclusion: "Things have however changed at Clavering since Mr. Thackeray spent many a pleasant summer holiday there in his boyhood. The old Collegiate Church has been swept and garnished and bedizened with finery until it scarcely knows itself; and the Wapshot boys no longer make a cheerful noise, scuffling with their feet as they march into Church and up the organ loft stairs, but walk demurely to their open seats in the side aisle."

Many years ago I had the good luck to meet the great novelist at Dresden, where in company with J. C. Patteson I spent a long vacation, studying music and German. One day, Coley and I found Thackeray making a copy of the two boy angels at the foot of the Madonna di San Sisto, and Patteson, admiring the sketch, was rather roughly snubbed by the artist: "Sir, I am quite impervious to flattery; it's my intention to burn that sketch when I get back to my lodgings." Seeing my relative slightly wounded, he added, "I will call on you to-morrow morning," and at 10 A.M. he came and asked for Lager beer, over which we had rare good talk about Ottery and all the people. Many of his old friends were still living, and "Clavering St. Mary" would have preferred him to retain the old name in a work destined to become so famous. The "Brawl" I think is a pretty variation of the Otter, though the latter animal appears in our family coat-of-arms ("I know that's a letter from Uncle Arthur," said a nephew, "for it's sealed with a pig rushing by a cross").

I had rather a memorable meeting with Thackeray at Derby many years afterwards.

On the Winter Circuit of 1858 he was announced to lecture at the Assembly Rooms ; the Bar Mess invited him to dinner, and the honour of sitting next him was thrust upon me, although Fitzjames Stephen should have been his neighbour. At that most melancholy feast no one spoke above a whisper ; when a fat turkey was placed on the table, Thackeray eclipsed our gaiety by observing, " For twenty - seven days running I have seen nothing but boiled turkey." At last the funereal feast came to an end, and I have since been told that the author, on the night of his public lectures, was overcome by shyness ; directly his task was over he was himself again. He shouted from the platform for Stephen and myself, and walked us off arm in arm to his lodgings, where, after oysters and porter, we heard him in his best vein on Queen Anne's days.

I regret to say that Thomas Hood published a libel on the dear " Brawl " in *The Angler's Farewell* :

Oh ! there is not a one pound prize
To be got in this freshwater lottery ;
What, then, can I deem
Of so fishless a stream
But that 'tis like St. Mary's Ottery.

Fishless ! We, Coleridge and Patteson boys, lived our holiday days on the banks of the "Brawl," flogging the river daily, and very seldom without success ; I call to mind more than one "miraculous draught " day. Kingsley talks of pike being maddened by hunger in a north-east wind ; a hail or snow storm in April was our great chance on the Otter, when the most clumsily-constructed fly was, in so abnormal a state of things, good enough, and the catch all along the banks would have satisfied Izaak Walton himself. My eldest brother, a master in the art of fly-fishing, once brought to the bank seventy-five warrantable trout after a few hours' afternoon fishing. Once in ten or twenty years there appeared a salmon, originally with enough of the acrobat in him to jump over Otterton Weir and go ahead. Caught or hooked and escaped, he became historical. I used reverently to fish in a pool where old George Coleridge played a salmon about the time of the Battle of Waterloo ; as the fish escaped, posterity added to his weight year by year ; there was no one to refute his girth and immensity ; the latter ranged from five to twenty pounds according to the fancy of

the narrator. Fishermen, like the Cretans of old, are what the Psalmist said of all men.

Famous men appeared off and on at Ottery for love of its memorable associations. Unfortunately I missed seeing Wordsworth, who once made a pilgrimage to Ottery Church, where he was accidentally discovered by my father, whose duties as Churchwarden were constantly in requisition within the building itself. The old poet took tea at the Manor House, and my eldest sister was present. I never heard of the poet being at Ottery except on this one occasion. He and Coleridge were sworn friends and neighbours, and Coleridge's own visits to his native place were few and far between. We know of his walking excursions to Lynton and the Valley of Rocks, but I doubt if Wordsworth felt a lively interest in the Coleridge family apart from the poet himself. Edward Coleridge, though reported to have been the wit of the family, would have been quite out of it with Samuel and his poetical colleague, and George Coleridge had found his brilliant but erratic brother very trying at times. S. T. Coleridge has very good words for his brother George :

“He is a man of reflective mind and elegant talent. He possesses learning in a greater degree than any of the family, excepting myself; his manners are grave, and hued over with a tender sadness. In his moral character he approaches nearer to perfection than any man I ever yet knew. . . . All my brothers are remarkably handsome, but they were as inferior to Francis as I am to them. He went by the name of “the handsome Coleridge.”

The rural clergy of Devonshire, with notable exceptions, were in my young days of a rather neutral tint. I had a childish faith in the old Vicar of Ottery, and was told that in the great Peninsular days he did good service as a recruiting sergeant, by urging on tradesmen and labourers from the pulpit the obligation to accept the King’s shilling. Two or three Devonshire heroes survived to my time. Gollop the postman carried his letter-bags very effectively though he had left an arm in Spain; and Sam Hall, employed about the garden by my father, was a great favourite with me. He had a legitimate grievance with the War Office, and complained that Waterloo men sported their medals, while those who had served

in the Peninsular War were still undecorated. I set to work on his account, and laid his case before my old friend Major Bent, who remembered recruiting Hall and marching off with him from Exeter. The Major's services were never forgotten by Sir Thomas Picton, who singled him out in a speech addressed to officers at a dinner given to the old hero before he started on his last memorable campaign. Anyhow, my statement reached the ears of the Duke of Richmond, and, the information proving correct, the belated medals were duly forwarded ; Sam Hall, in gratitude for my championship, bequeathed his decoration to me, and I value the trophy as the gift of an Otteregian soldier.

Another eccentric character was the Vicar of Feniton, a village near Ottery ; he had served in the Peninsular War, and his sermons, headed now and again by some sixteen verses as a text, were the cause of his suspension by the Bishop of Exeter, but his return after three years was a triumph, for he was wonderfully popular with the parishioners. He owned twelve walking-sticks, which he called after the Apostles and used on consecutive days of the week ; but his most memorable achievement was

a discourse upon Jonah, whose voyage he mapped out with wild infelicity. "Away went the whale, and away went Jonah, down the Persian Gulf, through the Straits of Babel Mandeb, etc.," in fact in any streams, ocean or gulf, that loomed for the moment largest in the preacher's imagination.

In my young days the story of Jonah was acted on the French stage in Paris, and at the rising of the curtain a leviathan with a transparent side was seen rolling on the stage; Jonah dressed as a *maître de danse*, inside the body of the fish, holding a frying-pan and catching shoals of herring, which the prophet, after cutting a slice of blubber for cooking purposes, proceeded to dress for dinner. *Apropos* of the prophets, Lord Bowen, on the awkward situation of a stranger called upon unexpectedly to return thanks at a public dinner, has immortalised the position. He says :

One of the ancient Rabbinical writers—I have forgotten which, but I have no doubt it can easily be ascertained—was engaged in compiling a history of the Minor Prophets, and in due course it became his duty to record the history of the prophet Daniel. In speaking of the most striking incident

of that great man's career—I refer to his critical position in the den of lions—he made a remark which has always appeared to me replete with judgment and observation. He said the Prophet, notwithstanding the trying circumstances in which he was placed, had one consolation which has sometimes been forgotten. He knew that when the dreadful banquet was over, at any rate it wouldn't be he who would be called upon to return thanks.

John Keble, in his youth a constant visitor to Ottery when absorbed in collegiate or clerical duties at Oxford and elsewhere, too seldom found time to stay there in after years, but he was a devoted and lifelong friend of my father's, and a correspondent in days when letters, costing over a shilling in transit, were worth much more than the outlay for the transmission by post. I have numbers of these, but the extracts, detached from letters of the most sacred and intimate kind, will, I am persuaded, interest many readers of the *Christian Year*. He happened to be at Ottery at the time of my father's death in 1854, and at my desire wrote a short poem on the event in my own copy of the famous book. It will be seen that my dear

father, who had become a solicitor, practising at Ottery with steady and uniform success, had such an admiration for the high character and life of his best friend, that he seriously thought of taking Holy Orders and following that friend's profession after changing his own. Sir John Taylor Coleridge, many years afterwards, thought of doing the same thing, as a protest against his son's secession from the Church of England (Henry Coleridge became a Jesuit priest). I had this from my uncle's own lips, and he added that but for Keble's advice, the ex-Judge of the Queen's Bench would have become a humble curate in his old age. Mr. Keble dissuaded both of these brothers from the step they proposed to take,¹ arguing that the religion of a pious layman might be the consecration of a lifetime, and that to abide in one's calling may be a primary duty. I give *in extenso* a letter to my father written in 1817, on Keble's visit to the grave of Richard Hooker, and a Sonnet on the same subject.

TEMPLE, July 24, 1817.

MY DEAR FRANK COLERIDGE—While John is writing a love-letter, I am boldly taking

¹ See Keble's *Letters of Spiritual Counsel* (1870), p. 14.

quill in hand to write to you ; for why ? I know that you are a right sound orthodox hearty fellow, and therefore you will be glad to have an account of a pilgrimage which I have just been making to the tomb of Richard Hooker. But in order to understand me thoroughly, you must proceed regularly in form and order. First then take a map of Kent, or in default thereof, a map of all England, into your hand ; spread your map carefully, and look on the road between Canterbury and Dover, a little to the right of Barham Down. There you will behold a winding rivulet, and on the banks of it a village by name Bishopsbourne : “ Bourne ” *quasi* rivulet, and “ Bishops ” *quasi* Archbishops : being as how the living belongeth, as Master Walton testifieth, to the Primate of all England. In this village and by this rivulet, situated between two hills, which though of chalk are green and highly cultivated, and the more westerly of them well wooded ; let your imagination (a faculty always peculiarly vivid in a lawyer) place a Church rather lowly than small, consisting of a nave, a cross aisle and a chancel, a tower with a sloping roof, and a wooden porch—and in the chancel let her carve out a wooden monument against the wall with the effigy of the said Richard, coloured, with dark eyes, and a cap on his

head. *N.B.*—In this part of her operations Fancy will be much assisted by your looking at the print of the said Richard, which you once shewed me. In the Church, but at some distance from the monument, let her place a very large slab stone with no inscription whatever on it, and under it let her suppose the resting place of the great Saint: over it, two haggard pilgrims, who had hurried from Canterbury unshorn at 5 o'clock in the morning lest they should miss the coach: let Fancy, I say, set before you these two pilgrims, with folded arms, staring eyes, and dingy neckcloths, looking as pitiful as ever did Richard himself as he trembled under the waving Broomstick of his wife Joan, and you will have before you the “*vera effigies Reverendi admodum Patris*,” John Keble of Fairford and John Tucker of C. C. (whom you ought to know if you do not), as they appeared at the aforesaid hour, on Friday the 18th July. Add hereunto a hard-featured blacksmith, standing in the distance, with the keys of the Church in his hand: a very neat Church with sundry texts of Scripture painted against the pillars, amongst which I observed particularly this: “My Son, fear thou the Lord and the King, etc.” I will not be persuaded that Richard himself was not the author of this text’s being put up; it is so exactly the motto of

his *Ecclesiastical Polity*. Well, but to proceed with this most interesting description. Let Imagination now take you by the pen which you have put in your mouth in your eagerness to read this, and transplant you into the Churchyard, and set you gently down by the side of a horse-pond which forms the boundary between it on one side and a farmyard. There let her shew you, perched in the most picturesque attitudes over against the Church, the two aforementioned grim pilgrims, one sketching, the other holding an umbrella : and this by the space of one hour in a goodly Scotch mist. *N.B.*—In your notion of the sketch, put a couple of beeches and a large chestnut tree, the latter in a corner of a sloping beanfield which is near the Churchyard : this we guess to be about the place where Richard used to feed his sheep with a book in his hand : the two beeches at the S.W. angle of the Church : and observe that the sketch was taken from the N.W. Scene iii. of this wonderful mystery will bring you in front of the Parsonage House, not quite so humble as it was of old time, and with an inmate also a little altered : enter the same two pilgrims in front of the hall-door ; time half-past seven in the morning ; they ring, the door is opened by a neat-handed servant : and at the same time, enter to

them the Honourable and Reverend Mr. Chancellor, Prebendary, Rector Percy, looking as spruce as an undertaker, just ready to set out for the Duke of Northumberland's funeral. Mr. Percy—"What may your business be?" Tucker (in a great fright, speaking very quick)—"My name is Tucker, Sir; will you have the kindness to allow us to look at the handwriting of Richard Hooker?" Mr. Percy (turning sharp round and looking very angry)—"Upon my word, Sir"; (he turns upon his heel muttering to himself). Tucker (shrugging up his shoulders)—"He's quite in a passion." Keble (pretending to look knowing)—"Aye, you should have gone to work more gently, you came upon him too suddenly." Re-enter Mr. P. with a large book in his hand, very gentlemanly. Mr. P.—"Gentlemen, I beg your pardon, but may I ask why you are so desirous to look at this handwriting, whether it is curiosity only?" Tucker (very meek and submissive)—"No, Sir, it is from a wish to compare the hand with some of which we have a specimen here, in order to find out whether the College has any of it." This, my dear Sir, you will please to observe, was really the case, and Mr. Chancellor had been told of it some time before, only he had forgotten it. But to cut short the story, the Register was examined, and we saw the

place where the Saint's fingers had been, but found that the writing did not match our specimen. So we trudged away with all speed, though Mr. Percy, having discovered us at last through our dingy cloud, very kindly asked us to breakfast with him. We enquired of two or three people, whether the name was at all remembered in the Parish, but none of them had ever heard of it. This mortified me very much, for till the last generation, all the Parish-Clerks have preserved some tradition of his name and goodness and of the trees under which he used to write.

J. K.

SONNET ON VISITING HOOKER'S GRAVE

The grey-eyed morn was saddened with a shower,
 A silent shower that trickled down so still
 Scarce drooped beneath its weight the tenderest flower,
 Scarce could you trace it on the twinkling rill
 Or dewy moss-grown arch. It was an hour
 Most fit for prayer, beside thy lonely grave
 Most for thanksgiving meet, that heaven such power
 To thy serene and humble spirit gave.
 "Who sow good seed with tears, shall reap in joy"
 So thought I, as I watched that gracious rain
 And deemed it like the silent sad employ,
 Whence sprang thy glory's harvest to remain
 For ever. He hath sworn who cannot lie
 The self-abasing soul to lift on high.

J. K.

July 1817.

April 21, 1814.

. . . What a triumph for Exeter, having sent such an actor as Kean on the boards,—pray how many of you have found out, since he went, what a genius he was? I am sure for one I didn't. . . . We have had a high theatrical treat at Oxford lately; Mrs. Siddons has been reading to us, and the effect was to me even superior to seeing her on the stage; for there was none of that intolerable drawback, the inferior actors. . . . I have given you materials enough for a long letter—let it be in anything but law-Latin.

August 23, 1815.

. . . The people are very well disposed, considering they have been a good deal neglected, but they are very ignorant, and you have no idea of the trouble it gives me to make my sermons plain enough for them. They are all ploughboys' wives and daughters, and very few of the old people know anything of reading and writing; but they come to Church in great crowds of an afternoon. . . . You have the history of my clerical *débüt*, for success in which I shall be old-fashioned enough to hope for your prayers. The Places are not exceeding rich, as you may imagine, when I tell you that from both together, the other day, I collected for the

Waterloo sufferers the enormous sum of £4, 4s. including my own subscription.

May 7th, 1817.

. . . George Coleridge told me that he had heard from home that you were not yet settled in your plans, but balancing between Honiton and Sidmouth. I guess that the latter would present the better opening, but the former be more to your taste as a residence ; whichever you choose, I hereby send you the benediction of an unworthy Presbyter, hoping that you may thrive like a rogue, and laugh like a child, keeping yourself all the time as honest and manly as Frank Coleridge. What a pretty sentimental speech !

Decr. 1817.

. . . I am glad to find you keep up your theological pursuits so zealously ; in time you will be quite a Sir Matthew Hale, at least a Judge Bayley. I do not know Wake's Catechism, but mean to read it soon on your recommendation. . . .

Jan. 31st, 1819.

. . . All is going on tolerably well at the mansion of the Kebles. When will you come and see them ? It is the only thing wanted to complete your education, to have been initiated into the polite tea-parties,

etc., of Fairford, and learn a little of our broad brogue, to mix with your own native narrow one. We can promise you some trout-fishing occasionally, if you come at a proper time of year, and you shall have your choice whether you will ride a mare with no legs (at least none that she can stand on) or a horse with no mane or tail ; such being at present the list of Horses that start for the Clerical Race every Sunday from my Daddy's door. I do hope you will, whenever wax, ferret and parchment will allow, come and show us a lawyer's trick or two, and mind you bring an exact account of the dimensions of Judge Buller's thumb, that being a point which my Mama and Sisters are for special reasons desirous of ascertaining.

Trinity Sunday, 1819.

After describing minutely his anxieties on the score of Tom Keble's health, he continues :

His complaint is not believed to be in the Lungs but in the wind-pipe, and if there be not a previous disposition to decay of that kind, which we have some reason to fear in our family, Dr. Bourne says he should think he would most probably recover. But however that be, we are not, God be thanked, in our own hands, but in the hands of One

who loves us infinitely better than we do ourselves. If we could but once possess ourselves with that belief (which yet is more certain than anything which we do not see with our eyes) how little comparatively would such trials appear to us—in comparison, I mean, with the least sin : and yet we commit great sins every day as if they were things of course. Indeed we all need one another's prayers very much, but not always in those respects in which our friends are apt to suppose we need them most. How comfortable to think that there is one Friend from whom none of our necessities can be hid and who cares for them all, if we have not wilfully rejected His care.

I am sure I need not apologise for writing in this strain to you, who are so possessed, as I think, with the sincere love of our dear Master, that you would be glad to dedicate yourself entirely to His more especial service and ministry. But persevere with a good heart, my dear fellow, where you are, and do not doubt that Providence will give you opportunities enough of being useful. And, perhaps, to any man who would fain be in the Clerical Profession, but is hindered by circumstances, it may not be amiss to consider, that if the chance of doing good is increased, the responsibility is increased

along with it, and it is a fearful thing to think that one owes a heavier debt than one's fellows to the great owner of all; aye, so fearful that nothing would enable one to support the thought, except it were the same recollection with which I ended the last paragraph, and with which if we brought it in as often as we have occasion, we should end every paragraph and every sentence we write or speak: *i.e.* that we have one who has redeemed our infinite debt, as well as promised us unfailing supplies for the future.

August 23, 1819.

. . . As to my studies of late, if you want a good book to carry in your pocket on horseback or at odd times, let me recommend Bishop Wilson's "Maxims." If you want a book to make you hate Whiggism and laugh at King William of glorious memory, let me recommend Bishop Burnet's "Own Times." If you want an ingenious prosy book of Morality without Christianity, I recommend Dr. Adam Smith on Moral Sentiment. If you want to sleep I recommend the Greek Metres, and if you want a headache I recommend Maclaurin's Account of Newton's Discoveries. And if you are not contented with all this you can go where you can get better advice.—I am thy true friend,

J. K.

August 25th, 1825.

. . . I am soon to move upon my permanent station in Hampshire. It is called Hursley, and is a well-wooded and rather long-streeted village of brick, half way between Romsey and Winchester. You will easily guess what agreeable associations I have with it when I tell you that the estate once belonged to that loyal person Protector Cromwell—not Oliver, but poor Richard, and the stables built by him are yet extant.

. . . It is only 5 miles from Winchester, with one of the best choirs, I believe, and certainly one of the most interesting Cathedrals in England; 9 from Southampton, which will afford as many balls and routs as ever one could swallow—and that you know is quite in my way.—Ever more and more affectionately yours,

J. K.

June 18th, 1827.

. . . I wish you many happy returns of this anniversary of the battle of Waterloo. . . . If you knew my father well and his violent objections to locomotion, nothing tortoise-like would astonish you in a Keble. . . . Among other things, having now no Lease, I am become a desperate, I may say a desperant, Politician, and am of opinion the Church is in more danger just now than she

has been in my time ; but *ne sutor*, etc. Anglicé, Parsons have nothing to do with newspapers ; but I must say, had I much tithe property out at Lease, to fall in the year 1900, I think the late course of events in certain high quarters amply sufficient to lower the biddings for the same full 30 per cent. After such a croak as this you must be rejoiced to see me so near the end ; to which said end, and at all times beyond it, believe me ever, dear Frank, Your aff. friend,

J. KEBLE.

Every kind wish to all the house of Coleridge in Ottery, London, Eton and Barbadoes.

March 27th, 1830.

MY DEAR FRIEND—If you still allow me to call you so, for I am conscious I have quite forfeited the right to such a title from you, as far as inexcusable negligence and procrastination in a correspondent can forfeit it ; further, this deponent does not plead guilty, but when I consider that I have not even thanked you for your kind reception of me (I am ashamed to think how many years ago) nor even answered your letter last year, which was itself a greater favour by far than I deserved, I can hardly tell what to make of myself ; but I will “hope against hope” that I am not too old to mend.

Somehow or other I have been gradually contracting a violent dislike of pen, ink, and paper,—what it bodes I know not—sometimes I am afraid of sulkiness in my old age ; but I was seriously affected the other day by seeing in the paper the death of an old friend to whom I had long owed a letter, and made some good resolutions of which you now receive some of the fruits, for the world (though I have no cause to grumble at it) is not so overflowing with delights that one should lightly spare one's own friends, and the *new*, I am sure, are not comparable. I am afraid to rummage out your letter, for fear the date should be even more frightfully distant than I remember, but I know in general it gave a good account of yourself and the whole furniture of your fireside—which I trust to hear confirmed whenever I hear news of you or from you—always hoping that little Zim does not bear malice for the severe nose-bleeding he had inflicted on him by my rude nursing. I have had some practice since, with my own nephew and niece who are mortal agreeable play-things in their way ; but I am not sure I treat them much better than I did him. I remember you did not send me a good account of your Father, but this I hope you will be able to amend. He has no business yet to give way, for I should think he was quite

ten or fifteen years younger than my Father, who is not so strong, but quite as cheerful as he was ten years ago. I do not perceive that this hard winter has hurt him at all. My Sister is just coming out with the Daffodils, and will, I trust, recover some strength—not that she has been ill, but the long confinement of such a severe season makes her suffer from heat and languor; I grudge going to London, where I must be next week to examine at the India House—this is not the weather to leave the Hepaticas and Violets with a good grace; especially my learned friend in Torrington Square will be far at law, but I shall enquire of such of his kith and kin as I can get near. Henry, I believe, is not a Circuit lawyer, is he? I don't mean to stay beyond Saturday in London, and shall probably be busy most of the time; I should like to have a good fortnight there; I could find something to do—but it must be :—(1) When your brother John is at home. (2) In Passion Week. (3) When my companions have someone to take care of them. One must have a touch of Politics in these times, and so I must ask you what you Devonshire people are about, petitioning against tithes? You are surely losing all the little credit you got about the Catholic question—concerning which I wish you joy of being in the same mind as you

were—I am not like to change ; at any rate I am more and more pleased that my good mother Oxford is well rid of Mr. Peel. I had hopes of him as long as I could after his change ; but now I have given him up. He affronted me so much about the anatomy and silk matters. I do not know how you go on in Devonshire, but surely in our manufacturing districts there is great distress and not much prospect of recovery that I can find. And hereabout our Labourers have had less work than usual for the last twelve-month. I suppose I am a bit of a croaker, but from all I see and read I anticipate a radical row before very long. I don't forget I owe you a little book when I have opportunity to send it, and I hope you will accept it as a peace-offering after the ill-breeding I have exhibited towards you,—Believe me, ever affectionately yours,

J. KEBLE.

August 7th, 1835.

. . . As for my friends here, Newman and the rest, we are still more and more of the same mind that we were when I wrote to you about the Tracts. Everything we see, hear, and read convinces us that our only security is in adhering to the old Church of all, and trying modern notions, Protestant and Papist alike, by her standards. It is the

only way I am satisfied, to prevent a fearful reaction in favour of Popery.

Novr. 30th, 1836.

. . . It does one's heart good always to have a letter from you, you are so very much the same hearty fellow that you were at 18 years old or whatever was your age when I first knew you, and moreover your reports are always so cheerful and comfortable. -

. . . As to my works with the pen, they look much grander in Rivington's advertisements than they do in reality ; Pusey and Newman sent my name to the *Library of the Catholic Fathers* almost without my knowledge, and I am very glad if it is undertaken and hope I shall be able to do some little towards it. If you and such as you support it, it is sure to answer, but I shall be a little anxious about it until we have really made a beginning, and I see how we get through the Preface and Introduction and those kind of things. There is much in the Fathers to startle inexperienced readers, but it is more than ordinary consequence to get things properly explained beforehand, and the reader's mind put in the right train.

My father, happy in the opportunity of death in the year 1854, was fortunate in being attended in his last hours by Bishop

Selwyn; Keble happened to be at Ottery a short time afterwards. I begged him to write in my own copy of the *Christian Year* a few words on the death of his lifelong friend. At first he refused on the ground that he had poor claims to be called a poet; if any such had ever existed he had become rusty and couldn't trust himself, etc.

I overruled the modesty and self-depreciation; he gave way at last, and asked me to suggest some one feature of my father's character which I wished to serve for a theme; I suggested his love and reverence of good men whom he had loyally befriended in his lifetime. The text and lines written by Keble are as follows:

“Who shall dwell upon Thy holy hill?”

“He that is lowly in his own eyes, and maketh
much of them that fear the Lord.”

“Dear friend and father out of sight,
How may we muse on thee aright?
For deep the bliss and high the trust.
In all thy ways be true and just;
In heart be lowly, meek in word;
Make much of them that fear the Lord.”

Two very eminent lawyers were connected with Ottery; these were Sir John Patteson, who married my father's only sister, Frances Duke Coleridge, and my uncle, Sir John

Taylor Coleridge, whose life has been admirably sketched by his own grandson, my dear relative the present Lord Coleridge, the third of the judicial order in my family. The obituary notice of my uncle Patteson was from the pen of Sir J. T. Coleridge.

Ottery's chief historical asset is the inspired Charity boy, S. T. Coleridge, concerning whom I shall make but a small and humble contribution to the masses of information in existence, and I shall limit my words to first-hand authorities who have given me their own recollections or interviews with S. T. C. I was but four years old when the poet died at Highgate. From his deathbed he sent a copy of his poems to my younger sister, Emma Duke Coleridge, with an autograph inscription to the following effect: "To my unseen but dearly loved godchild, S. T. Coleridge."

My father told me that at one of his few interviews with his uncle, he was complimented by him on his likeness to Francis Coleridge, the poet's brother, who died in 1792 as a Lieutenant, in consequence of a fever brought on by excessive fatigue at and after the Siege of Seringapatam and the storming of a hill fort; during that period

his conduct had been so gallant that his Commanding Officer particularly noticed him and presented him with a gold watch. Samuel had good reasons for appreciating the solid virtues and character of his brother George, the Ottery schoolmaster. The poet said of him, "He is a man of reflective mind and elegant talent. He possesses learning to a greater degree than any of the family, excepting myself. His manners are grave, and hued over with a tender sadness. In his moral character he approaches ever nearer to perfection than any man I ever yet knew. He is worth us all." I fear that this good man was severely tried by the harum-scarum ways of his gifted and erratic brother, especially at the time when the poet accepted the King's shilling and volunteered as a private in a Cavalry regiment. He was a poor performer at riding and grooming a horse, but with the private soldiers as well as with the officers he was very popular, and they gave him a hearty send-off when he left the regiment at Reading after his brief military experiences. I have seen the correspondence between the Commanding Officer and the brothers at Ottery who subscribed to buy out "Comberbatch"

from the 15th Hussars. The letters are most creditable to the officers. *Apropos* of the Cambridge medal and Coleridge's *proxime accessit* to Dr. Keate in his Greek ode on Astronomy and to Bishop Butler for the Craven Scholarship, we have his own estimate of the fallibility of the Cambridge examiners. Writing to his friend Cottle from Stowey in July 1797, he finishes his letter thus: "Give my love to your brother Amos. I condole with him in the loss of the prize, but it is the fortune of war. The finest Greek poem I ever wrote lost the prize, and that which gained it was contemptible. An ode may sometimes be too bad for the prize but very often too good."

Lady Coleridge, mother of the first Lord Coleridge, was now and again in the poet's company; she told me that in the baby days of the future Chief Justice, "Uncle Sam would roll the child about on the carpet, muttering 'Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven!'" The warmest admirers of the brilliant orator, advocate, and judge must admit that the present world was not entirely out of the calculation in his very successful career. The quotation was more nearly true if applied to the first Sir John Coleridge,

integer vitæ, scelerisque purus, the bosom friend of Keble and other saintly men. Of his inner life it was my privilege to know a great deal; he was a second father to me, stern at times, righteous always.

For some years my father's cousin, William Hart Coleridge, was a curate at St. Andrew's, Holborn. On one sharp winter's day, the poet walked all the way from Highgate to call on his nephew, wishing, as he said, to hear him read the service; I fear there may have been a mixed motive for this morning's walk. The poet, thinly clad, was observed to be unusually anxious about the top buttons of a double-breasted waistcoat. "Bless my heart, William, I have forgotten my shirt." William disappeared in the upper regions and soon came back with a change of raiment, at once appropriated and never returned to the reverend owner.

Lord Houghton once showed me a novel founded on S. T. Coleridge's experiences in the army as a Cavalry soldier, and I asked him to give me an account of the conversation that passed between him, his undergraduate friend, and S. T. Coleridge, when the poet was *in extremis* at Highgate. He told me that the conversation turned upon the Con-

version of St. Paul on his way to Damascus. "How," said S. T. C., "can anyone believe such a story, told by a tipsy man on horse-back?" I was staggered by the story, and in after years put the case before Lord Tennyson, who relieved me greatly by saying: "Lord Houghton started a paradox and wanted to give you a shock which might draw you into some controversy as to the state of your relative's religious belief. He was quite capable of mystifying younger men who only knew him by his books." With me he was only half successful, for my belief remains unshaken that none but reverential words and thoughts filled the mind of the poet in his last hours. His humour and self-depreciation found vent in a letter, the original of which is in my possession. It runs as follows:—

MY DEAR MRS. ADERS—By my illness or oversight I have occasioned a very sweet vignette to have been made in vain—except for its own beauty. Had I sent you the lines that were to be written on the upright tomb, you and our excellent Miss Denman would have, first, seen the dimension requisite for letters of a distinctly visible and legible size; and secondly, that the homely, plain Church-

yard Christian verses would not be in keeping with a muse (though a lowlier I never wooed), nor with a lyre or harp or laurel, or aught else Parnassian and allegorical. A rude old yew tree, or a mountain ash, or a grave or two, or any other characteristic of a village churchyard,—such a hint of a landscape was all I meant ; but if any figure, rather that of an elderly man thoughtful, with quiet tears upon his cheek. But I send the lines and you and Miss Denman will form your own opinion.

Is one of Wyville's proofs of my face worth Mr. Aders' acceptance ? I wrote under the one I sent to Henry Coleridge the line from Ovid, with the translation, thus :

S. T. Coleridge, AETAT. SUAE 63.

Not handsome was he, but was eloquent.

Non formosus erat, sed erat facundus Ulysses.

In truth he's no beauty ! cried Moll, Poll, and Tab ;
But they all of them owned he'd the gift of the Gab.

My best love to Mr. Aders, and believe that as I have been, so I ever remain your affectionate and trusty friend, S.T. COLERIDGE.

P.S.—*I like the tombstone very much.*

The lines when printed would probably have on the preceding page the advertisement—

EPITAPH ON A POET LITTLE KNOWN, YET BETTER
KNOWN BY THE INITIALS OF HIS NAME THAN BY THE
NAME ITSELF.

Stop, Christian passer-by ! Stop, child of God !
And read with gentle heart : Beneath this sod
A poet lies ; or that which once seemed he.
O lift one thought in prayer for S. T. C.

That he, who many a year with toilsome breath
Found Death in Life, may here find Life in Death,
Mercy for Praise, to be forgiven for Fame,
He asked and hoped through Christ. Do thou the same.

Sir Charles Crompton told me of his one experience of an interview with the poet ; this was at Derby. "My father," he said, "on hearing that Coleridge had some thoughts of keeping a school, was anxious that I should become his pupil. His Bristol sermons and Unitarian views had their many admirers, and Dissenters and Unitarians were not scared by the fact that Buller, the Bishop of Exeter, had offered to ordain him, the erratic preacher. Happily, as I think, for them, Devonshire or Somersetshire rustics lost the benefit of his parochial ministrations, which, for all their eloquence and learning (for he was a great divine) would have mystified them as completely as his father's had done with the Ottery parishioners in old days. Dr.

Crompton, thinking it wise to talk over the teaching plan with the poet, asked him to luncheon. There was a large cocoanut on the table, and the Ancient Mariner applied himself so energetically to its contents that the Crompton family grew anxious on their guest's account. The tutor - and - pupil negotiations fell through." The Cromptons, I think, had a lucky escape from a school-master whose visionary schemes squared so imperfectly with the requirements of preparatory schools for young gentlemen. Mrs. Coleridge's idea of the commissariat must have been of an elementary kind, and before the plan was to be launched, the young man planned a visit to Germany, and a trip to Jena, where Schiller lived, whose entire works Coleridge seriously thought of translating. As we know, all that came of that dream was a version of *Wallenstein*, the original of which is now preserved in the Rugby School Library. I recognized the handwriting at once, and my curiosity was aroused as to how the MS. came there. It turned out that the well-known metaphysician, Shadworth Hodgson, had bought it at a sale of De Quincey's library, and presented it to his old school.

Though it recalls sad passages in my early life, I cannot but refer to the disastrous influence of the "Oxford Movement," which led in not a few instances to a break-up in family life and all the discomfort of divided households. From Ottery St. Mary to the Flaminian Gate of Rome is a far cry, but Cardinal Wiseman's famous letter was taken *au sérieux* by some Sunday School teachers who in their excess of zeal interlarded their very thin teaching with exhortations in favour of what soon came to be called the Papal Aggression. The good Vicar of Ottery strenuously objected, and in my judgment wisely, to this very novel form of instruction, but real mischief was in the air and soon spread over large areas throughout England. Disasters might have followed but for the unflinching loyalty of Keble and Pusey, who never swerved from their lofty ideals of duty to the Church of which they were the foremost champions. Among those who went over to Rome were not a few who, disappointed with their change, returned to the Church they had too hastily abandoned. I know of an English Bishop, one of whose last Episcopal acts before he died was to receive

three Roman Catholic Priests into our own Communion.

I think the memory of the great Churchmen who remained loyal in those dangerous days cannot be sufficiently honoured. Foremost among such champions was Hugh James Rose, who had a far-reaching influence at both our Universities. Blunt and Mill at Cambridge, Keble and Pusey at Oxford, fought the good fight when "our need was the sorest," and in the generation after them came the great school of Cambridge divines, such as Westcott, Hort, Lightfoot, and Benson. I regard the Oxford Movement as one which has inevitably led to excesses that have rent the Church asunder; in fact the iconoclasm of a Kensit and the virulence of the Nonconformists are ultimately referable to the same cause. I may refer here to a pamphlet called "Questions of Conscience," published at Cambridge over the initials "W. J.," which is printed in full in *Letters and Journals of William Cory*.

Lady Patteson, my father's only sister, passed her early years at Ottery; two of her infant children lie in Ottery Churchyard; her eldest son, the martyred Bishop, was buried at sea. His name liveth evermore;

in years to come, pilgrims will visit the church at Alphington, near Ottery, where he ministered for three years, preparing himself for the apostolic life and the martyr's crown which awaited him. The memory of my relative is a very sacred possession to me. I witnessed his two ordinations as Deacon and Priest in Exeter Cathedral; I heard him preach his first sermon at Alphington. But the farthest-reaching and most eloquent of all his sermons were the life he lived and the death he died.

CHAPTER II

ETON

AFTER leaving Ottery School I was sent to Eton, beginning my life there as a pupil of my uncle, the Rev. Edward Coleridge, and boarding at Evans's, where I spent several happy years, until I passed on to the foundation as a K.S., and in due time had the good fortune to be elected as a scholar of King's College, Cambridge.

My oppidan days have been already summarized in a contribution made by me to *The Last of the Eton Dames* at the request of the author, Major E. Gambier Parry ; and I have also referred to this time in my own recollections of *Eton in the Forties*.

I managed to be "sent up for good" nine or ten times, I forget which ; I was awarded a Latin declamation prize, and my work, enriched by some "purple patches" by my lifelong friend Bishop Abraham, who

overhauled the rough draft of my speech, was, strange to say, successful. The passages I have mentioned I gave out *ore rotundo* in the Upper School; the real author, if he were present, must have smiled at my sham laurels.

The oddity of the recitation by Dr. Hawtrey of "sent up" exercises consisted in the fact that the Head Master conferred his stereotyped form of benediction on verses and themes whether composed by a Goldwin Smith or by Brown, Jones, and Robinson. "Very well; very good exercise," he said, and with a blush we walked down from the step below the dais of the Head Master's desk and resumed our seats in the crowd.

Now and then the Head Master could not refrain from a sneer or a satirical remark on a passage which had passed muster before the Assistant who vouched in the first instance for the correctness of the exercise, prose or verse. One solecism I well remember in a translation of the line,

Forgive, blest shade, the tributary tear.

This was parodied by Welby, who as a rule had a singular aptitude for writing correct Latin verses :

Da veniam lacrymae madidi vectigal ocelli.

E. C. H : " What on airth do you mean ? Forgive to a tear the property tax of a moist little peeper ? " Welby was mercilessly chaffed for this specimen of Latin poetry.

In a copy of Greek Sapphics of which I was guilty, the Head Master discovered two false quantities ; I was forced to give away my tutor, when asked if he had corrected the blunders. I murmured to myself, " O my prophetic soul, my Uncle ! "

Holiday tasks, as duties of imperfect obligation, in my time were supposed to keep our lamps of knowledge burning, and especially the art of composition. I doubt their efficacy with the average boy, for mediocre poets spoil reams of paper ; born poets are sure to come to the front without a forcing system. Twice, I think, I was ordered to write a Greek tragedy, and a very piteous tragedy was the result ; a copy of one of these melancholy inventions is still in my desk ; I can cry and laugh over it before consigning it for ever to limbo. My old friend George Brodrick referred to his Greek play (on the subject of *Κροῖσος δεσμώτης*) with some self-complacency in after life ; I suppose it had the *cachet* of his tutor, C. O. Goodford, who was credited with being a

sound Greek scholar. Still, I think our holiday tasks may contrast favourably with the questions and answers nowadays enforced as deterrents from an excess of rabbit-shooting or trout-catching, those wholesome diversions which "imparadised" the minds and thoughts of boys out for a spree in holiday time.

Could a poll be ordered of Eton and Kingsmen from the forties onward, and their votes taken as to the most gifted and intellectual representative of the School and College, I am persuaded that William Johnson's would be the name chosen. What he left behind him for a wider world to affirm or qualify was small and insignificant, though the quality and essence of his booklet of poems, his *History* and his huge correspondence which still exists (a selection is preserved in the privately-printed *Letters and Journal of William Cory*), make up such a body of testimony that outsiders must be compelled to admit the range of his wisdom and far-reaching imagination.

Johnson in his scholar's days was so far affected by the religious upheaval at Oxford as to study the Fathers and the writings of J. H. Newman with assiduity, without

allowing any foreign influence to disturb his loyalty to the creed he had learned and adhered to from childhood. Two of his friends and contemporaries, Scott and Simpson, "verted," but Johnson had no Roman Catholic leanings, and but faint sympathy with the weaker vessels whose belief was summed up in "Credo in Newmannum." The trend of his mind will be obvious to any one who reads his *Questions of Conscience suggested by a Catholic to an Anglo-Catholic*; these appeared in the form of a pamphlet printed at Cambridge in 1844. In later years he lectured on such subjects as Erasmus, Luther, and Ulrich von Hutten, and more than once urged my daughter Mary to finish a translation of Ranke's *History of the Popes*. His insatiate love of reading made his teaching of untold value to soldiers and sailors, who after leaving school and joining their respective professions consulted him as an oracle and never found him wanting. In one of his letters to me he alludes to his writing at great length to Lord Roberts on the subject of the Defences of India, a country in which his father had spent many of his early years. He was a great authority on the most famous

of the Governors-General of India, and especially on Lords Metcalfe, Dalhousie, and Wellesley. It was a treat in my scholar's days to walk with Johnson and tap him on Peninsular or Indian campaigns, which were as familiar to him as the Peloponnesian War, and infinitely more interesting as being nearer our own days. Once I had the good luck to obtain permission from the Duke of Wellington (grandson of the Great Duke) to visit Apsley House with two friends; Henry Newbolt, W. Johnson and I met there by arrangement, and this resulted in a lecture on one and all of the Duke's famous lieutenants and pupils, who had studied their profession under the great modern master of the art of war. Packe, Hill, Colborne, Hardinge, and Picton were themes so familiar to our lecturer that we realized these ancient warriors who survived in many instances to enjoy the annual Waterloo Banquet and talk over the great days of the Peninsular War.

I have been urged to supplement the recollections I wrote in *Eton in the Forties*, but I shall confine my observations to impressions made by teachers and friends for whom I feel a lifelong indebtedness and

gratitude, though I have from time to time made bonfires of letters dating from the far-off years of Eton and King's. My letters from Henry Bradshaw are far too intimate for publication. I could give large extracts from the three volumes of MSS. consisting of letters, etc., from Johnson, but so many recollections of that great man have been included in other books, that such a selection would perhaps seem superfluous. Though I was never tutored by him in the Eton sense of the word, he befriended me in my earliest school days, and we corresponded from about the year 1845 to the day of his death. I have other and deeper reasons for gratitude to this philosopher and poet, who devoted the best part of five years to guiding my eldest child in her Greek studies and in all the varied branches of knowledge which he had mastered from his earliest boyhood. Awed at first by his "terrific knowledge," she gradually lost all shyness or fear of her teacher. She knew *Ionica* by heart, and induced the author to publish a new and enlarged edition of the original volume, so familiar to Eton men. My presentation copy is thus inscribed :

The first part of this book was given in 1858, when there was no demand for it, to Arthur Duke Coleridge by William Johnson. The second part was printed at the request of his daughter.

My earliest recollections of W. Johnson are of his football-playing at the wall; he was a strange figure, that bow-legged youth dressed like an Eskimo in a coarse jersey, blind as a bat, and in constant peril of having his spectacles smashed, for he rushed indiscriminately at friend or foe, like a bull in a china shop. He was very popular with oppidans and collegers, for every one was conscious of his intellectual equipment and of his unfailing kindness to his inferiors.

I am confident that my estimate of William Johnson's intellectual supremacy amongst the Assistant Masters at Eton in my time would be the unanimous verdict of my contemporaries; for his ripe scholarship was combined with a poetic imagination, the results of which, if inadequately represented in a small volume, were of such beauty and originality as to attract the admiration of Tennyson himself. Now and again the gems from *Ionica* appear in anthologies; the "Boating Song" is a classic with public school athletes, dispersed, it may be, over

the world, but linked together at recurring Fourths of June by virtue of the old charm which attracted them from the very first; the song follows our soldiers as part of their regimental baggage. We collegers who were fortunate enough to be befriended by William Johnson always felt his rare kindness without being awed by his superiority; commonplace boys found their "Mirror to an answering mind," however dull their own reflection.

[It seems fitting to insert at this point the account of William (Johnson) Cory's last days and death from A. D. C.'s journal.]

1st June 1892.—For the last few days my mind has been lacerated dreadfully. William Johnson warned me while we were in the Isle of Wight that he should never live to see another summer—that the effort to copy poems and versions to show to Lord Tennyson was an exhausting one, that in fact I must be prepared to lose him for ever in this world. Although I partly believed in his pain and consequent depression, I thought the elegiac mood had led him to over-colour the real situation, and that he would tide over a presentiment which seemed

for the present too strōng for him to resist ; but the *atra dies* is, I fear, now really approaching—the two doctors have declared for *angina pectoris* and my dear friend is suffering fearfully. Canon Furse is well aware of the serious turn that matters have taken. O friends of my youth and manhood ! None so strongly bound to me as those who in spite of my everlasting folly and weakness and ignorance have clung to me for auld lang syne. W. J. of all I have ever known was by heaven the most supremely gifted. He was my idol as a boy. After the tragic episode which made him a recluse I thought his friendship and loyalty more and more precious.

4th June.—Time was when this was a bright and joyous anniversary—that was when Coley lived, and Johnson was the boast and glory of Etonians, who pointed him out to visitors at Eton on old George's birthday. My friend in boyhood, youth and manhood, is released from all pain and weariness and sorrow. I fear he suffered a good deal the last few days of his life. I was with him on Whitsunday ; this was the last time I saw him alive—he sent me loving messages

a few hours before he died ; Mary and I were in the house, but he was too weak and ill to see me. W. J. was by far the greatest personality I have ever been thrown in contact with ; it did so happen that he was good to me in early days and remained the same in unswerving loyalty to the last. He and C. Abraham were the only supremely qualified teachers at Eton when I went there. Goodford hid his light under a bushel ; E. C. had an exaggerated and unreal reputation (save in goodness and kindness of heart). There was a terrible amount of conventionality and fictitious credit. These two men shone out to me with light and warmth ; they understood our weak enthusiasms and aspirations. W. J. was a wholesome terror and delight to me with my lax, undisciplined, illogical mind, and oh, his enduring patience and goodness to me all these years ! It is a melancholy pride to have been the unworthy friend of such a man with so many elements of greatness in him. B. Drake used to say, and early instilled it into my mind, that " William Johnson is the man of the age." That was the utterance of a man with a touch of genius himself. I am to attend the funeral to-morrow (6th

June) with my darling Mary, who is naturally cast down. She loses her greatest of all teachers ; who said of her that “ Mary’s wisdom is on a par with her humility.”

It is difficult to restrain the enthusiasm evoked by the memory of Charles James Abraham, the best friend we collegers ever had ; he taught us by precept and example the nobility of self-sacrifice, for in the heyday of his popularity and success as a tutor with a full house, he volunteered to live with us in College as a prelude to casting in his lot as a Missionary Bishop with George Selwyn for a Diocesan. Night after night the old patriarch, small round lamp in hand, came to my room, not as a policeman, but as a friend ; these frequent visitations laid the foundation of an intimacy and friendship which lasted until the day of the good man’s death ; I have numbers of his letters, the best comments on Johnson’s advice to young men, “ Keep your friendships in repair ” ; such men as Abraham could teach from beyond the seas, when the old pupil-room had become the vision of long-past years. His love for his old school was a moving principle with him. Etonians

wandering in New Zealand were offered shelter, if content to put up with Spartan fare ; Lord Salisbury found him and spent a fortnight with the good man.

After his laborious missionary life as Bishop of Wellington, his duties were exchanged for less active but not less profitable work as Precentor and Canon of Lichfield.

The future scholar and eminent churchman was the son of a Captain Abraham of the 16th Regiment, who was on the Staff of the Royal Military College at Sandhurst. I expect the captain was of the " Good Centurion " order, devoted to his duty, but so apprehensive of dangers of a long peace that he refused two of his sons permission to go into the Army. The result more than justified the captain's wisdom. George Augustus Selwyn, five years older than Abraham, became an intimate friend in school days ; " their stars consented wonderfully," and the younger of the two " followed the gleam " which led in after years to whole-hearted devotion to Church and State. Those early school friendships, how lovely they are at Eton, Harrow or Winchester ! The dullest and most prosaic of us loved

Nisus and Euryalus, and even the fastidious Gray clung to his coterie of Eton friends.

I understand Captain Abraham's choice. Young heroes who had escaped from Quatre Bras and Waterloo were called upon to make a swift decision, and in some remarkable instances forsook the colours for a peaceful vocation. Two cases are known to me of youths, named respectively Scott and Leake, the latter of whom carried the flag of the 52nd when he was still in his teens. Scott, whose brilliant conduct in the historic charge at Waterloo attracted the favourable notice of his leader, Sir John Colborne, became a Trinity Hall undergraduate, and his prize poem on Waterloo was successful five years after that memorable day. In his Assistant Master's days Abraham lived at the Manor House, Eton, where the old Duke of Wellington with Lord Hardinge visited him. This was at the Dame's House called Ragenau's, where Arthur Wellesley had lived as a boy; he well remembered the room just beyond "Maiden's Bower," where the boys' maids sat at their sewing in the afternoon.

Abraham went to King's in 1832, after playing in the school cricket eleven with

Williamson, Dolignon, and Ryle. In the examination for the University Scholarships he was *proxime accessit* to C. J. Vaughan, and his delight in neat verses and epigrams stood him in good stead in sleepless nights, railway journeys, and long tramps and rides in New Zealand in after days. For the last few years of his life, when he had abundant leisure, he was always at work at some great writer, Dante or Bacon. In thought and teaching no less than in that reverence for exact and accurate rendering of meaning and ever delicate *nuance* of phrase, these were the masters whom he cared most to follow, and talk over if he found a kindred spirit. I have in my pocket-book an Alcaic stanza written by Abraham and headed "Nunc dimittis : In memoriam J. C. P." (John Coleridge Patteson).

O gentium lux ! O populi decus !
Dimittæ servum sic placide tuum ;
Vidi ipse, te vidi, salutem
Coram oculis hominum paratam.

C. J. A., 1889.

A Master's life was hard in those days. There were few of them. The divisions in school were large and unwieldy. Abraham had over ninety boys in his division ; one

of the desks in Upper School near the door and staircase, or a dark room on the ground floor, were conditions that made discipline and teaching difficult to combine; and out of school, the care of a house and fifty or sixty boys in all parts of the school working for him as tutor in the pupil room, filled up daily most hours of the twenty-four.

I expect he was strict—in those days life would have been impossible for a self-respecting man to get through without strictness—but he was always just to the boys and took them at their word even when he had shrewd suspicions that it was not quite the truth, and by degrees good and natural relations were established on the basis of trust reposed, which made things go straight between boy and master. He had wider interests than the routine of school books, and liked to get things into their proper perspective.

Those were the days, too, of his constant intercourse with George Selwyn, who was a private tutor to the Herberts at Eton, and curate of Windsor; the friendship then begun was the central feature of his life, determining throughout its outward course.

It was a hard life, but the thoughts were high and the school of thought grew up at Eton in those days, which, while deeply in sympathy with much of the Oxford Movement, kept to its own line of action and pursued the truth of the Church's life in its own way and by its own methods.

Very simple and direct these men were—with a deep childlike faith and a quiet readiness to follow the light and obey calls wherever they led. It does not seem to me that any of them had the least interest in philosophy or speculative thought, and their theology was simply doctrinal and intensely practical. Anything that had to do with the restoration and development of the innate powers of the Christian Church over the life of man and nation was eagerly discussed and followed out at once as far as possible on the small scale that was within their reach round Eton and Windsor.

In 1841 Selwyn left for New Zealand, taking with him Abraham's promise to join him there when he felt it possible to move from Eton; but the old life went on among kindred spirits like Coleridge and Harry Dupuis, and the younger men were drawn in and attracted by the strenuous simplicity.

The records of influence are many among the elder boys as well.

Archdeacon Hodgson, Byron's friend, came to be Provost of Eton from his vicarage at Bakewell, and as he drove up to the lodge in his coach and four, said, "Now I hope I shall be able to do something for these poor boys." The new buildings in Weston's yard were soon begun and finished, giving abundant room for the collegers. Long Chamber was shorn of its glories of size and anarchy — most of it divided up into studies and passages. Abraham accepted the offer of the College that he should give up his house and take the oversight of the collegers, from the set of rooms which looked out into the school-yard at the end of Long Chamber. He knew he was in for some rough experiences. Chartered anarchy of long standing always resents the introduction of authority and order, but all suspicion and hostility broke down before the advances of a very sincere goodwill and patient friendliness. Collegers were soon numerically complete. Maxwell Lyte takes a correct note of what they gained under the new supervision. "To Mr. Abraham's personal influence as Assistant Master in College we must in great

measure ascribe the immense change in the moral tone of the King's Scholars. Without intruding on any one he walked about in the evenings, and made the boys his friends ; and, without the display of any peremptory authority, helped to modify materially the system of fagging."

At Christmas 1849, the time came for the redemption of his promise to Bishop Selwyn. There was a wrench at parting from Eton and resigning his mastership, but he never regretted the course he took, or the surrender of a larger sphere of influence warranted by his antecedents. The twelve years of his episcopate covered the darkest period in the history of New Zealand—the time of the Maori war. That war is one of the least creditable episodes in our colonial history, and it had a disastrous effect on our missionary work in those islands. Selwyn and Abraham stood firm together for justice to the natives. They jointly presented a protest to the Governor against the compulsory purchase of their land, maintaining their right as British subjects to appeal. The Bishop also supported the claim of the Maoris to the franchise, and insisted on the native clergy being treated as gentlemen.

In 1868 Selwyn left the Primacy of New Zealand for the See of Lichfield. The old friends longed for each other's company, and two years later, Abraham became coadjutor to the Bishop of Lichfield. In 1878, when death separated the two friends after forty years' close companionship, it was Bishop Abraham who ministered to Selwyn on his deathbed and committed the body to the grave.

From that moment began Abraham's work for Selwyn College, which continued during the rest of his life ; he was advancing towards old age when the college was opened, and partly on that account, partly on account of his natural self-effacement, he was not often seen within the college after the installation of Bishop John Selwyn into the Mastership. His last years were passed at Bakewell, of which his son became vicar. No Eton collegier worthy of the name can ever forget him. His learning and spirituality were well known to Dr. Keate, Canon of St. George's Chapel, and he was asked by the Chapter to preach a course of sermons there. I have the volume still. They are the sermons of a devout and learned man, deeply impressed by the Catholic spirit and

doctrine of the Oxford Movement, clear and precise in utterance, and full of practical instruction. I remember well my last walk with him at Cambridge when he bade farewell to the college which he had served so well; I treasure the inscription written by him in my Bible at the time, and I shall bless his dear and sacred memory to the end of my life.

[Here follow some extracts from the journals on A. D. C.'s favourite theme of Eton.]

ETON, *August* 1880.—One of the happiest fortnights I ever spent was that in August of the present year. My uncle, the penultimate of Eton Fellows, lent us the cloistral house, for ten years of my life, as absolutely cut off from the Republic of Eton as any convent or monastery. I think that too selfish isolation and the despotism of some of the Greens and Bethells roused the eager reformers of these days to the determination to utilise a great deal within the precincts of the College that should have been spontaneously offered in old days by bodies of men with the usufructuary interest in the loaves and fishes. No honest man can

say that the old gentlemen did their duty in my time. They were a stupid set, but must have been conscious that vapid sermons rarely audible were a real hebdomadal injury to the school. Hawtrey, ever kind and large-hearted, was watched like a prisoner under gaoler's eye ; his Lent addresses were the rare treats allowed us in the spiritual way. Then the collegers were scandalously defrauded. Now comes the punishment in the shape of retributive justice and the fiat has gone forth. . . . I take a first and last look at the College garden. I daresay I may live to see it built upon and occupied by some dissenting professor. "Some Huxley guiltless of belief in anything or anybody but himself and his parasites." The charm of our life here has been the sweet environment. Old College friends running in and out, the sight of old paths and waters, the dear familiar faces with a daily smile of welcome. "As iron sharpeneth iron." I think Eton friendships far away the best. We understand each other so well that nothing but unhappy minds and hearts subject to Eton influences ever collide or jar. There is a noble frankness and generosity "born of Thames water and the Playing Fields

atmosphere." People may sneer; it is a fact.

A measure of Radicalism is, I fear, just, in the instance of the Eton Fellows. It is not easy to gainsay the right of Parliament to overhaul such institutions as universities and public schools, but it ought to be more impressed upon our legislators that the arguments which hold for the interference of Parliament, as a right, with such institutions rest simply on the ground that they are chartered by Act of Parliament and protected by the law. Every acre of this aristocratical land is protected by the same power, and what is law for one is also law for the other. It would not be difficult to show that the real equitable right of interference with corporate property by the State might, by parity of reasoning, be extended to the property of the Duke of Devonshire. "There may be those who ere long will set themselves to the task and prove their case practically." These are wise words of the present Provost of King's,¹ a thoughtful discreet Conservative who has been the making of my old College.

¹ Okes.

June 1882.—How I think of dear Coley who in my early years made a point of sharing Eton's great holiday with me. This year the day falls on a Sunday; the fête is to be to-morrow, the Prince of Wales attending and unveiling the new memorial in Chapel to the memory of our officers who fell in the Zulu and Indian campaigns. I think it a great pity that the names of Eton soldiers and sailors who fell in the days of England's greatness have had no permanent place of record at Eton. People forget that Lord Howe—"Earl Richard" of George III.'s predilection—"Black Jack" of the sailors'—was bred there as well as the Duke of Wellington. I have been reading lately the history of the battle of the 1st of June, and believe it to have been an achievement little short of the Nile in consequence. It was clearly a greater action than St. Vincent, and I think the running fight of the last two days of May, culminating in pinning the enemy to the final stand on the 1st of June, one of the noblest things in our naval history. I cannot make out Howe's omission of Collingwood's name from the despatch, for although silence and undauntedness were characteristics of the Howe family

I cannot trace a symptom of professional jealousy in the life and story of that great seaman.

May 1883.—The event of last week was the death and burial of my Uncle Edward at Mapledurham. He died—blessed be God for it—quite painlessly, having survived his eighty-fourth birthday, and also having been allowed a long quiet evening of life for preparation for the great change impending over one and all of us. He will be keenly missed and regretted at Eton and Windsor, where he had from long habit become recognised as part and parcel of the school environment. Although I always thought him the least attractive of all the brothers, he had certain qualities of a high and noble order. These were his keen sympathy, swift and subtle for boys' nature, and a generosity which is really a great test (to my mind at all events) of the genuine worth of a man. But for him and his amazing energy St. Augustine's College at Canterbury might never have existed; most certainly it would not have started into life and working order at so early a period but for my tutor's work.

February 1884.—To-day (28th February) through the joint contrivance of Byng and Chandos Leigh, the Counsel to the Speaker, I witnessed the inauguration ceremony of A. Peel's induction to the Speaker's Chair. The function was of itself interesting, but doubly so to me, who thought of old pupil-room days, and many scenes identified with A. Peel's memory at Eton. He was the one Peel I liked, and though he had no showy qualities as a boy, his uniform *justesse d'esprit* made him always and deservedly popular. I wrote and reminded him of our discussing, as boys, his illustrious father's speeches in 1845. How little I thought at school and college of the great destiny in store for Edward Benson and Arthur Peel, the Primate and First Commoner of England respectively.

January 1888.—Earle's appointment [as Bishop of Marlborough] is a subject of real interest to me. He is the eldest son of a very distinguished surgeon who, when in the zenith of his career and on the eve of knighthood, died suddenly and prematurely. I knew the widow, who was very kind to me; I was attracted to her by my affection for

her son, her blindness, and the patience with which she bore her great sorrow. I knew her three sons, but Alfred, the new Bishop, was the only one of the lot that really fascinated me—he had from boyhood very noble qualities. We became collegers together, and had to endure the Spartan ordeal which was the tradition of Long Chamber, and flourished with all its vulgarity until Long Chamber was cut up from its big, barrack-like, unwieldy proportions, divided into horse-boxes, and the old ways and customs thereby annihilated. It was a dreary time, that first year as a K.S., and the herding together of forty boys in one sleeping-room is, or rather was, a great evil. Young fellows with naturally good and amiable dispositions were for the time braggarts and bullies, because it was the tradition so to act, and suppress for twelve months all the more chivalrous tempers and emotions. Dear Brocklebank, in after times *notus in fratres animi paterni*, knocked me down on my first appearance in Long Chamber with a huge roll of coarse bedding or matting. I reminded him in after years of his hurling this missile at an inoffensive boy—meaning me. He didn't like the allusion, and knew

perfectly well that those Long Chamber ways were discreditable to the place. Earle's temper was too good naturally to be permanently soured, but a less deep nature might never have recovered the outraged sense of dignity.

1891.—Here at Derby I have many subjects for reflection—first and foremost the death of my friend, Edward Balston. He was an honour to his school, college, university, Church. In this county his liberality to all sorts and conditions of men, assuming that they were worthy recipients, was a proverb. He gave, as I have occasion to know, right royally. Dear Bishop Abraham, who knew him very closely and intimately, writes to say that he was the last of the worldly ties that bound him to old days. Furse (Canon) said that Balston is a memory, but F. was up to Abraham as an Eton Assistant Master, and their near alliance and intimacy grew in subsequent and later years. Educationally, I always felt that E. B. was too prosperous and popular in his very early days. He had from his good looks, modest manners, and sound scholarship, immense advantages when he first

started at Eton. He was the first Master who encouraged me and said kind things to me. Nothing could cramp or dwarf the thoroughly generous instincts of E. B. He had riches and used them splendidly, careless about his name flaming in a subscription list, rejoicing in quietly succouring needy and dignified sufferers. He was one of my "hundred pounders" in the dear Okes' fund.

ETON, 1892.—If I have witnessed many grotesque scenes in chapel, I have seen many that I delight to look back upon. They have not obliterated the memory of great occasions, such as the Marquis of Wellesley's funeral, when the Duke of Wellington attended as chief mourner, and the twelve senior noblemen in the School bore the pall; still less that of Bishop Wilberforce's eloquence when he addressed us at confirmation times. I pity any one of my contemporaries on whom that man laid his hands, if he be disloyal enough to listen for a moment to the voices of detraction which are far too audible when that prelate's name is mentioned. He had the rare gift of genius which could adapt itself to any class of hearers and with the

certainly of kindling the faintest spark of goodness in any who were submitted to its influence. Boys are emotional and easily touched at such a time ; that is true, but I have seen stern men shed tears under the spell of his preaching, and he was as powerful with rough soldiers as with us lads supposed to be of a finer grain. He would drive straight from the Slough Station to our Chapel door, where the Head and Lower Master were awaiting him, and as the three walked into the ante-chapel he would ask questions as to any event of recent occurrence in the school which might furnish him with a topic for his address. A pupil of the Lower Master had died shortly before the confirmation day and he had been an earnest candidate, the hope and joy of his tutor. The Bishop on this theme founded an address which from its penetrating earnestness and sympathy smote us, masters and boys alike, to the heart. The echo of that sermon is still audible with me ; it placed me and my comrades under a lifelong obligation to a man who for one short half-hour did all that mortal man could do to make us better and wiser. It was my good fortune to hear the Bishop once more at a

confirmation, and that too within six weeks of his death. It was a revival of the old light I had seen as a boy, just as strong, just as searching.

The Eton Collegers of to-day are certainly not the poor lads whose education was the object of our founder. A year or two since I heard the Head Master calling "absence," and the names of "Peel, K.S." "Talbot, K.S." "Fremantle, K.S." etc., made me rub my eyes, like Rip Van Winkle. We never affected such purple blood in our time. Such associates cheek by jowl with the sons of Windsor tradesmen would no more have amalgamated than the Rhine and the Rhone. I am not likely to be tried by a baronetcy or a peerage, but I think I should pause before I claimed for my son an education *à bon marché*. I never yet knew a collegier who could indulge in the luxury of a private tutor in school-time; we were distinctly poor boys; with one single exception I never heard of a collegier succeeding to an hereditary fortune, and in that instance the property was not bequeathed by the parents. Let me as an old Kingsman record with gratitude my sense of obligation to the memory of a friend and

contemporary. It isn't every legatee that will disburse £4000 on the adornment of his College Chapel years after he had ceased to be a member of the College. Stacey's presentation west window at King's was as cheerfully paid for as his annual half-sovereign contribution to the Eton monstrosity was begrudged. I am afraid the sons of Windsor and Eton tradesmen will be heavily handicapped in the Eton race if they are allowed to compete with some of the best blood in England. Democracy is forging ahead, but I think a young nobleman in a serge gown is an anomaly never contemplated by the statutes or the founder. The noblemen in my time were very absurdly distinguished by being allowed to sit in stalls in Chapel. The newest stall-holder when he succeeded to the dignity sent a packet of almonds and raisins to each of the previously installed, and the Honourable This or That was presently seen to open his packet, flesh his patrician teeth on the contents, whilst confessing his sins at the Chapel service vicariously thro' old Gray. I was not impressed by the noble contingent selected in order of seniority to act as pall-bearers at Lord Wellesley's funeral; there

were some "bounders" amongst them. My attention was fixed on the chief mourner, the Duke of Wellington.

ETON THEATRICALS.—Eton collegers were much given to theatricals in the days of Keate, as well as Hawtrey. I think that the speeches in Upper School had something to do with fostering the taste, though Ajax or Brutus clad in pumps, knee breeches and silk stockings, made the recitations immensely dry. Plays were supposed to be illicit; twice in my time I was a leading actor on stages hired at Slough and Windsor, once at my Dame's. Our ambition soared to Addison's *Cato* and Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*.

I had cultivated in Eton days a passion for acting, and neglected a warning administered by my good old friend Provost Hodgson, who on the very day when I left Eton for King's sermonised me, after listening in Upper School to my recitation of

Ibam forte via sacra, sicut meus est mos.

"Have enjoyed," said he, "your dramatic turn, but don't let it be a snare to you in after life." Performances in Long Chamber had stimulated my zeal, and in my early oppidan days as a boarder at Evans's my

répertoire had included the rôles of Cassius in *Julius Caesar*, Mr. Hardcastle in *She Stoops to Conquer*, and Syphax in Addison's lugubrious *Cato*. Old Levi, a Jewish pedlar in Windsor, acted as our costumier; F. Tarver and I had to negotiate with him for the loan of togas, armour and scenery. We haggled over the purchase of some of the properties; Levi wanted ten shillings for a very seedy cuirass, and we beat him down. "I won't be hard on you," said he. "You ought to give me for the armour two crowns, but I'll take five on the nail and four at sight"; so our Roman soldier stood up in less than ten shillings' worth of costume. In the clowns' play from *Midsummer Night's Dream* I figured as Puck and introduced songs by Bishop and Arne. On such rare occasions a few choice oppidans were smuggled into Long Chamber for the night, and when the play was over we regaled our guests with sausages and shrub punch served up hot in washing basins which had been used for the ablutions of the Upper Collegers after football.

1893.—I was in the Upper Shooting Fields on Saturday afternoon last in time to see the

finish of the Eton and Winchester match. For a short time the issue seemed uncertain, for though our lads had only fifty-four runs to get, the two best men were got rid of for next to nothing, and a panic seemed possible, if not probable. In the old days I used to be angry in the crisis of a battle if one of our side attempted to force the running or to hit wildly. This latter process was adopted by Pilkington and the Eton captain, both of whom had distinguished themselves in the first innings. It is something—not much—to the credit of Eton to have achieved a victory at last. We have been beaten regularly for a series of years.

NOTE ON THE SYSTEM OF EDUCATION AT ETON

I have heard of a Canon of Durham who, after repeated and vain efforts to listen to one of his colleague's sermons, amused himself by turning collects and psalms and the Ten Commandments into Greek verses during divine service. A Rowland Hill would soon have detected the profanity, and launched a thunderbolt at the scholar's practising his old arts in the wrong place. A great deal

has been said in disparagement of the Eton system of education in my time, and I do not pretend to say that Hawtrey and Okes as classical teachers were in that matter the equals of Moberly and Wordsworth, Kennedy and Vaughan. But they had great qualities of head and heart notwithstanding, and each of them headed reforms which Goodall and Keate would have summarily resisted. There are after all many more desirable qualities than that of getting marks and scholarships. Our Head and Lower Masters were not only capable rulers and administrators; they had the enviable faculty of winning the loyalty and affection of boys and young men who, knowing the solid qualities of their rulers, gave them a willing tribute of homage and affection. Pessimists may sneer at the inevitable epithets "dear" and "old," which are usually prefixed to the names of Hawtrey and Okes, when their names are mentioned by either oppidans or collegers, who, whether at School or the University, had been brought into close relations with them.

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1896.—I enjoyed my day at Eton, which, like Windsor, was in all its early summer

glory, though the lilacs here had had their short and brilliant innings. The felling or falling of some trees on the Eyot opposite Perch Hole has let in a magnificent view of the Masters' Weir from the Playing Fields. The historical trout which generally refuses to be caught is all alive and jumping opposite Sixth Form Bench ; the successors to Jack Sparrow and Tull at the Lock treat an old Etonian with the old-fashioned courtesy to which we are accustomed. I heard a part of the service in St. George's, and enjoyed half an hour's talk with Parratt, whose organ-playing is one of the greatest treats I know. He gave me a rich account of the old *Trovatore* performed at Windsor on the evening of the Queen's birthday, by Royal command. An odd choice indeed ; I expect the dear lady wanted to hear the roaring Italian tenor Tamagno. In the opera he nearly takes the roof off. I should think the Waterloo Chamber must have trembled. Parratt, the fastidious and delicate musician, must have suffered terribly ; he confessed as much to me.

CHAPTER III

KING'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE

[THE chapter which Coleridge intended to devote to his Cambridge memories was unfortunately never written; in order not to leave this part of his life unrecorded, it has been thought well to insert in this place some passages from his Journals which bear on his Cambridge days, and which, for the most part, commemorate his contemporaries recently deceased.]

. . . *July* 1881.—I hope to be at Cambridge this evening for Saturday and Sunday—a great treat, notably as the Okeses and Charlie Stanford are both in residence. The prospect of King's lawn, gardens, and the ever-beloved H. Bradshaw, is charming. . . . I find Bradshaw and Whitting—*par nobile*—both up.

. . . CAMBRIDGE, 1882.—On Sunday I heard the Dean of St. Paul's preach before the

University—a compliment I believe hitherto unreciprocated by Oxford—at least I never heard of a Cambridge man preaching at St. Mary's, Oxford. The Dean was admirable, and so true to his style and individuality that I think such a sermon would be really an impossibility for a Cambridge man. Bradshaw's address to the Librarians' Associations assembled at Cambridge in the course of the Vacation is equally good and thorough in its way. Dear, dear King's! I was received as usual in the fraternal way—dining with one, tea with another, each vying with his neighbour to try and persuade me that twenty years have not elapsed and that I have not ceased to have claims on the College. The chapel was glorious; the choir increased and consequently improved. The Provost bears his eighty-four years bravely; I think if I outlive him I could not visit Cambridge any more.

. . . *October* 1883.—I came over—*more solito*—to the old College; the attractions of Bradshaw, the Okeses, Whitting, and chapel are more intense as old age comes swiftly, and warning one of the lengthening shadows. Yesterday Dr. Westcott, our new Honorary

Fellow, gave us a deep, thoughtful sermon, which made me feel the sound policy of the College linking itself with so famous and learned a Professor. I am struck with the earnestness and rapt attention of the crowds that attend the services; doubtless the glory of the building and solemnity of the music allure the outsider as well as internal and, so to speak, native worshippers, but one would fain hope that such a daily spectacle in the University must have some balancing power against all the infidelity and scepticism which seem to possess the minds of so many youths in this generation. It is a delightful thought to me that the two great scientific lights here, Adams and Stokes, are the humblest believers in revealed religion. Time was (in the present Provost's boyhood) when Tom Reynell of this College and John Lonsdale preached in the University pulpit controversial sermons, intended to reply to the well-known scepticism of Laurence and Buchanan the surgeons, who were the more dangerous inasmuch as their infidelity was sure to be catching with young medical students. The difficult task now is to reconcile the great religious earnestness which is conspicuous with many with the fashionable

infidelity so obtrusively put forward by many who should resign their posts as guides and teachers. I fear Arthur Stanley and Jowett, with all their admirable virtues, have something to answer for in teaching an indifference to matters most essential, so long as the life is pure and also unselfish.

. . . *11th February 1886.*—At Derby I heard of the sudden death of Henry Bradshaw at King's. He died in his chair, pen in hand, and was found dead in a sitting attitude by his gyp who came to call him from what proved the everlasting sleep. In my fifty-six years of life I have had—with perhaps the exception of Coley—no more beloved friend. He was gifted with immense stores of knowledge, and this weight of learning he bore “lightly as a flower.” We began our love for one another in Eton days; his room in the New Buildings was close to my own, and from those days dated that lifelong and most blessed friendship, which is now (God grant but for a time) dissolved by death. Visits to Cambridge will be to me a terrible trial; he was the magnet there, for the intimacy was so deeply and firmly grounded that whatever interval had elapsed

since our last meeting no harm was done—he, my brother in love, was always the same. I am sore smitten, and much of the light of life has gone from me. I cannot say the end was entirely unexpected by me. The over-sedentary life and want of physical exercise evidently told injuriously on him, and his heart was affected. His own brother died suddenly. May his blessed example be with me for the short remainder of my days. I shall make every effort to be at the graveside on Monday next; he is to be buried in the chapel, in which glorious shrine he worshipped for so many, many years. Ah me! how awfully I shall miss him in that very chapel where we so often prayed side by side together.

WARWICK, *Wednesday, 17th February* 1886.—I was present at the funeral, one of the most impressive I have ever seen; for the mourners, from the Provost to the chorister boys, were real mourners and every one wept real tears. Canon Westcott and the Vice-Provost divided the service, and the Archbishop of Canterbury pronounced the blessing. Stanford's Anthem, written expressly for the occasion, was beauti-

fully sung. I could not face the meeting of friends and relations in the well-known rooms, which I can never enter again. The loss is fearful, to literature, in Europe, the University and the troop of friends. Cornish, Wayte, C. and A. James, Walter Durnford, were present with hosts of Etonians, unknown to me; librarians from various parts of England; Admiral Bradshaw, the sole surviving brother. The chapel was quite full; everything done in decency and order. I remember Provost Thackeray's conventional funeral and contrasted it with this beautifully spontaneous concourse of men, moved by one sentiment, that of deep personal affection for our departed brother.

November 1888. — Yesterday was the funeral at Cambridge of my steady and beloved friend R. Okes. Circumstances in my very early days gave me an interest in him, for he was an Eton and King's contemporary of my uncle, Henry Nelson Coleridge, and we have in the family collection letters dating from 1816 in which the name of Okes often occurs. It is always mentioned with real respect. As boy, youth and man, R. O. was *Integer vitæ scelerisque*

purus. And in that even life and consistent ways there was no sort of cant or ostentation. How well and accurately I call to mind every circumstance incident to his election and appointment to the Provostship. I thought that election a great credit to the Fellows of King's. Neither H. Dupuis, Barrett nor Goldney would have been comparable to R. O., whom I shall always look on—apart from my personal affection for him and his—as one of the great and notable benefactors to the College. His judgement, slowly formed, was in most instances sound, and the integrity of his life and quiet religious ways made him a reliable and conscientious adviser. Rowland Williams told me that the Cambridge Heads set a high value on his opinions. He steered the College carefully and well in very critical and difficult times, for he was by no means uniformly supported by the Seniors, some few of whom were annoyed by Barrett's rather ill-timed candidature. He was a good, not a brilliant scholar, a cultivated man, though not a very learned one. Better than all, he was God-fearing, God-loving from boyhood to age; therefore I bless God for his dear memory. The Provost, Brock [*i.e.* Brocklebank] beloved H. B., also gone down,

down—down into the grave—to the grave ! It is a responsibility to have walked and talked for years with such Christians. Augustus Leigh will be the new Provost.

. . . *Jan.* 1889.—Good news of the dear Provost's sale—the furniture had fetched over £700, the books and pictures are yet to come. J. W. [Clark] calculates we shall have £100 to £300 by the sale alone. I begin to feel quite radiant and hopeful.¹

. . . On my fifty-ninth birthday I used good old Dr. Johnson's prayer, and next day with Holy Communion thanked God for His long-suffering towards me. *Sit anima mea cum* Coley, my parents and the beloved ones, taken to their rest before me.

May 1889.—Weather still cold, fitful, and very coy of approaching summer. Our dinner to the new Provost (Augustus Austen Leigh) was a great success. Bosanquet, Q.C., in the chair was wonderfully good, full of humour, brightness and kindness. He came up the whole way from Manchester, where he

¹ Coleridge was at this time very busy in raising a subscription among the late Provost's friends, for the benefit of his family.

is sitting as Deputy Judge and Commissioner ; he left Court at 4 P.M. and was with us at our feast at 8 P.M., rushing back to Cottonopolis immediately after dinner was over. He certainly is a credit to Eton in every way. Most men would have made the stereotyped Eton after-dinner speech, but B. has a subtle dry humour, and knows well how to adapt his fun and pathos to his audience. Curiously enough, he is exceedingly heavy and uninteresting in Court, though his good law and good sense make him a valuable advocate. Arthur Balfour honoured us with his company ; he completely threw off the statesman who, beyond his contemporaries, is the most conspicuous for skill and political courage ; he was simply the old Etonian, rejoicing to do honour to an old friend. Alfred Lyttelton made a short and sensible speech, and Leigh answered nervously but feelingly. His modesty is his great charm. The Master of Peterhouse, one of the old Etonian guests, told me of the deep respect felt for King's throughout the University. With straitened means the Fellows never swerve from the old liberal spirit which has animated the College ever since Okes's time.

. . . OXFORD, 1890.—Dear Alethea very kindly shelters us here for a couple of days on our way northwards. I am too glad of an opportunity of seeing her and showing my children the University. Mary says, "I could not love thee, Oxford, less, loved I not Cambridge more." They are intensely loyal to my old Colleges and their early recollections of not infrequent visits to Cambridge during the lifetime of dear R. O. I am delighted with the new (to me) altar screen in All Souls ; it seems to me a superb collection of old statues ; how amazing that they should have been put out of sight in dark, superstitious days ! We paid our first visit to Merton Library—the oldest in England, and there I liked to see Coley's autographs cherished in the entry book, where Fellows of the College had to inscribe their names in the volume they wanted in their own rooms for study. The old bench and reading desks still exist ; a monk or two sitting there would carry one back to pre-Reformation times. A diocesan Conference was going on in the Rectory, and an Oxfordshire layman was addressing the meeting—Bp. Stubbs in the chair. I should like to have heard a debate on lay-brotherhood—it is to be opened by

Benson, late Head of the house at Cowley. Lots of clergy on the prowl; it must be a great joy meeting old friends in this way. A visit to Cambridge saddens me; dear old Rogers told me the other day that he could not stand it, and he refused an invitation from the V.P. I'm not sure he was right; but it is a sore trial to miss the old familiar faces.

CHAPTER IV

MUSICAL RECOLLECTIONS

It was my good fortune in early manhood to become acquainted with a lady whose genius made her the despair of contemporary singers. Twice in my boyhood I had been thrilled by visions of Jenny Lind on the stage of Her Majesty's Theatre ; one of these performances was given under abnormal conditions. In the height of the operatic season a concert was announced in which Mozart's *Magic Flute* was to be sung on the stage, but not acted. It was a bold venture, and not over palatable to the ordinary frequenters of the Opera, unused to Lablache in a huge white waistcoat and a chorus in swallow-tail coats, but as a triumphant achievement in the field of pure art, it may well be doubted if the performance of the soprano and bass parts of Mozart's last opera could ever have been surpassed ; for

the chief portions of all the soprano parts were assigned to Jenny Lind, while the famous and unequalled Lablache sang the music of Sarastro. That great Italian artist, for whom those of his countrymen who were composers had specially written the chief rôles in their operas, was equally at home in German music, for he sang in Mozart's *Requiem* at Beethoven's funeral, and in the heyday of his popularity in Vienna, Schubert dedicated to him some of his matchless songs.

In his last years on the stage he adapted himself to the more modern school of Meyerbeer, though he shone more conspicuously in the works of the Cimarosas, Zingarellis, and Rossinis, with whom his lot had been cast in earlier days. I can think of no bass singer who approached him whether in tragedy or comedy. People used to talk of Ronconi as his equal in genius, but the difference was that Ronconi was often out of tune—Lablache, never. He was the only artist also who had a due share of applause when in the cast with Jenny Lind.

I first saw the last-named singer in the *Puritani* in 1848, and that visit to the Opera was a reward from my tutor for having done some one thing that pleased him in

the summer half. Oh, the joy of one's youth ! How my heart beat when Jenny Lind came fluttering in to meet old Lablache, the Giorgio of the opera. At the polacca, "Son vergin vezzosa," I thought I should have cried with delight when my old tutor, who was weeping with emotion himself, said, "Wait a bit, Arthur, you'll hear still greater things directly," and the Nightingale was showering her trills and roulades like sparkling diamonds all over the place. It was the first time and the last, with the single exception of Rachel, that I have seen real indisputable genius on the stage. Macready had great moments, so had Devrient, but not one of these carried the spectator away so that one was absolutely insensible to every other object that came before the senses. Old Lablache's glorious voice and method were taken for granted ; Coletti was a nobody ; ditto Gardoni or Fraschini, who one and all fulfilled their parts adequately, in some instances brilliantly, but Jenny Lind so absorbed the attention and kept one's eyes fixed on her slightest movement that her supporters were no more to the audience than the humblest choristers.

In the *Puritani*, nevertheless, I was not

so completely carried away by the brilliance of the *prima donna* as not to watch the enthusiasm of the old Duke of Wellington, as badly bitten by the Jenny Lind mania as any schoolboy in the audience. In four months after her arrival in London the old warrior had become a captive to the enchantress. He courted the lady so ostentatiously as to rouse the jealousy of the Italian faction ; his enthusiasm was rather awkward at times to the object of his homage. I have her own authority for saying that the Duke always arrived early and seated himself in his box on a level with the stage ; directly he saw Jenny Lind he opened fire : “ Good evening, Miss Lind, how are you to-night ? All right, I hope ! ” These well-meant utterances were a trifle out of place at the particular time, for the Lucia, Amina, or Daughter of the Regiment was always so absorbed in her part as to be out of touch with all outside influence. On one occasion the Duke asked her to sing at a concert at Apsley House, and she inquired who were to take part in it. The answer came, “ Oh, the old thing ; Grisi and Mario.” The Nightingale politely declined. Grisi, like others of the Italian Covent Garden set, was not best pleased

with the mania for the Swedish singer, and she had been markedly rude to the newcomer, though good old Lablache had vainly endeavoured to establish friendly relations. Queen Victoria added fuel to the fire by requesting Mario to sing with Jenny Lind in the great duet in *Les Huguenots* at a Royal Concert. I think Sir Michael Costa accompanied on that occasion. It was disastrous. Belletti, in the early days of his career in Sweden, had frequently sung with Jenny Lind, and so entirely to her satisfaction that later he was sent for and sang with her on concert tours in the English provinces. She had always a good word for Gardoni, and for Roger, the French tenor, who travelled for two months with her in Scotland and Ireland. He has given in his *Carnet d'un Ténor* an amusing description of his final experiences. With a cordial admiration of her genius he was aware that this favourite of fortune had her caprices, her strong likes and dislikes, her sudden turns, which now and then were the bewilderment of those who were her slaves and ardent votaries. I cannot forget that I was an intimate friend of this lady for twenty years, although an estrangement, due to some cause that I have

never been able to guess, took place during the last two years of her life.

She was, of course, a great authority on Mendelssohn, who wrote *Elijah* with a view to her singing the soprano music. When I was travelling with her and her husband on the Rhine, she pointed out to me the hills over which she had rambled on a donkey, with the composer chatting at her side on the triumphs or failures of the Düsseldorf Festival. It is in some ways to be regretted that the letters which passed between composer and singer are too intimate for publication. She often talked to me of Meyerbeer, Taubert, Liszt, and Schumann, the last of whom was at one time of his life largely indebted to her bounty for material help. There lived no greater singer of Schumann's music, and one of his songs haunted her on her deathbed at Malvern; none that heard her in *Paradise and the Peri* can forget her glorious singing, which failed, however, to reconcile the general public to a work so unequal.

I have more than once heard Jenny Lind say that her best part on the stage was that of Julia in Spontini's *Vestale*, but she never favoured the proposal—more than once made—for the production of that work at Her

Majesty's Theatre. It was a great favourite in Germany and always attracted a full house at Dresden. Spontini had many enemies who whispered that in his one single notable success he had been largely helped by the more famous Cherubini, whose laurels had flourished for years before Spontini became a power in Berlin, in Dresden, or in his own country.

At the end of a long tour in Scotland and Ireland, Roger had returned to France for his professional duties. Jenny Lind and he had been on the best of terms; both were present at a farewell supper, when Roger tells us: "Au milieu de l'attendrissement causé par toasts, cette chère Jenny détache de son doigt une bague, un diamant de la plus belle eau, et me dit avec solennité: 'Je désire, Roger, que chaque étincelle lancée par ce brillant vous rappelle un de mes vœux pour votre bonheur.' Il y a dans cette phrase toute la femme, et un cœur de la Suède. Je regrette peut-être cette vie agitée, ce public renouvelé chaque jour, ces lettres de chanteur avec des partitions nouvelles; l'admiration sans bornes que je ressentais pour cette femme fantasque, mélange de bonté, de sécheresse, d'égoïsme et de charité

que l'on peut ne pas aimer, mais qu'il est impossible d'oublier."

The Swedish Nightingale was an incomparable nurse, as I have good reason to know. After a long Summer Circuit I was detained in town by a sharp attack of ophthalmia ; a journey abroad was impossible. I was necessarily alone with a doctor—an expensive guest—for company. Books were forbidden, and the dear lady, hearing of my condition, came at once to the rescue and brightened my long hours of solitude by care and loving-kindness. I remember her playing the same rôle of the good Samaritan in her own house at Wimbledon, where I once found the violinist, Signor Guerini, comfortably installed, watched and tended at a time when his friends were seriously anxious about his health. The patient recovered; much of the sharp discipline of pain and weariness had been soothed by the incessant care of the *diva*.

Jenny Lind's wishes were laws to me, to which I bowed without a question ; twice they were sprung on me in unexpected moments. I was on official duty at Leicester, and one Sunday received a summons from Rugby, where she was the guest of Doctor Temple. To Rugby I went, and there ascer-

tained that the Swedish Nightingale had elected to sing to the Rugby schoolboys and Rugby people on the Sunday between the services. She made two stipulations; all the music was to be sacred, sung to an organ or pianoforte accompaniment, and applause and encores were strictly forbidden. "You are to begin," she commanded; "sing what you like." I think I began with "Be thou faithful unto death" from *St. Paul*, which, strange to say, was new to the great lady. My other contributions were probably from *Elijah* and *Messiah*; anyhow, we kept the ball rolling alternately for some two hours. I was delighted to find myself once more in Dr. Temple's house, after hearing him preach to the boys at the evening service.

My second quasi-public appearance with Jenny Lind was in the salon of a German hotel in Bavaria. I had travelled with her husband and three children to Ober-Ammergau (not without misgivings): we heard the Passion-Play, and it so fascinated her that she returned to hear it for the second time, alone. All sorts and conditions of men were in the audience. When the welcome interval for refreshment came at last, we were summoned to Mme. Goldschmidt's

bedroom, where she triumphantly unloosed from towel wrappers a large cold roast goose, which, in spite of our emotions, we devoured ravenously ; this blessed bird had been carried all the way from Munich ! It was manna in the wilderness, for good food was mortgaged to royalties, and we were famine-stricken. I thought of the children in Dickens's *Christmas Carol* sitting with their spoons in their mouths to prevent them from screaming "Goose !" before their turn came to be helped. I for one blessed the purveyor of the unexpected meal. Walter Goldschmidt and I slept in a blacksmith's bedroom, where we were devoured by small and great beasts. Water was a serious difficulty in the blacksmith's house ; and the village pump was next morning besieged by travellers. On our way to Munich we put up at a good hotel at Garmisch ; Sir Julius Benedict was one of the guests. Like ourselves, he had travelled to Ammergau and was on his way home. Mme. Goldschmidt, proud of her cold goose exploit, was in high spirits and announced her intention of singing to the servants and guests after the *table d'hôte* dinner. She repeated the Rugby formula, "You are to begin," adding, "Benedict

will accompany you." I remember feeling very uncomfortable at appearing before the household in flannel trousers and a coloured shirt. I began, I think, with a long German ballad by Löwe, whose music has been so constantly revived by my friend Henschel ; the great lady was dissatisfied with Benedict's accompaniment, and announced her intention of succeeding him at the piano when my turn for singing came round again. I longed to have old Cambridge memories reawakened by her singing of "Take this lute," a short unpretentious song by Benedict, in which Jenny Lind created a furore in my undergraduate days. After our concert was over, the eminent tenor, Wachtel, introduced himself to Mme. Goldschmidt, and said, "Many a winter's night, madam, have I driven you home in my cab from the Opera to your hotel in Vienna. Even then I had dreams of a stage career, and of turning my knowledge of horses to account in fulfilling my musical ambitions. My stage reputation was made by my taking the chief part in Adam's *Postillon de Longjumeau* ; sportsmen in the audience applauded my crack of the postillion's whip, and I began to think that my experiences as a cab-driver had been of use

to me. I made money enough to retire from what had proved a lucrative calling, and ultimately took to horse-breeding, and I am now a successful and prosperous man."

The *prima donna* was keenly interested in the honest man's story, and reminded him that she had had to fight the world in early days, and knew of the ups and downs in the artistic career.

I wish to record a single act of Sir Julius Benedict's kindness to me when I greatly needed it. One Saturday evening a messenger came to 12 Cromwell Place, bringing with him a long MS. duet by Meyerbeer, written expressly for Jenny Lind and some operatic tenor on the Berlin stage ; I think his name was Mantius. The orders from the *diva* were that I was to be ready with this intricate music by the following Monday. It occurred to me that the one musician who would pity me and help me in this emergency was Benedict ; to him on the Sunday afternoon I repaired. I think he must have been under some obligation to our common friend, for he gave me (unfee'd) such a rare good lesson that I was fully prepared for any emergency on the Monday. The singing of duets with Jenny Lind was rather "awful mirth," for

I can recall some anxious moments in numbers from *Fidelio*, *Euryanthe*, and Sebastian Bach, in which I took part with a lady whose genius paralysed rather than helped my crude amateurish efforts. It was nothing but a joy to sing with Clara Novello; something of pain and humiliation with the far greater lady. Between high genius and first-rate professionalism there is a great gulf fixed.

Twice in my life I was in Jenny Lind's company at a hearing of operas for the first time ; these were *Lohengrin* at Munich and *Medea* in London. The Vogls sang the chief parts in the Munich Opera-house, and she was so delighted with the tenor's performance as to write a note to him expressing her regret that she had not had the good fortune to sing with so fine an artist in her professional days on the Munich stage. I think that Count Usedom had forewarned the managers by telegraphic announcement of our intended visit to the opera ; we there heard the finest performance of *Lohengrin* I ever witnessed.

Jenny Lind was heart-whole in cheering Mme. Titiens in the tremendous part of *Medea*, never but once attempted in England within my recollection. Her tastes and predilections were German to the core. I cannot

forget her vehemence at the time of the Franco-German War, or her visits to the families of those who had lost husbands and sons in that dreadful time. I visited the Rhine and the Bavarian Highlands with her in 1871; there were no signs of national triumph and exaltation, the weight of sorrow and bereavement was too real for such demonstrations, and those who had suffered welcomed the visit of an unexpected angel who understood, better than most people, the blessing of mute sympathy. She started a fund for the wounded; I sent her a cheque, desiring that the money should be divided equally between French and German soldiers, but this didn't suit my old friend, who attacked me for what I thought a proper and equitable suggestion. "How can you help those devils?" was her question, referring to the poor conquered French. But I stuck to my resolution and swallowed the abuse.

She never appeared on the Paris stage. More than once I heard her denounce the cliques and intrigues which were thorns in the paths of *prime donne* who ventured to face the French audiences, flattering themselves with their self-satisfied verdict from which no European appeal was to be expected.

In early days she had sung in the old-fashioned but charming music of Dalayrac's operas, and to the last she paid willing homage to Auber, who in his own person expressed his gratitude through me to the famous lady who had sung in the chorus of *Masaniello* when that work first appeared in Sweden.

The last time I sang with her was in the great duet for soprano and tenor in Bach's glorious B minor Mass. No artist of her time more keenly rejoiced in that great revival than did dear Mme. Goldschmidt. I remember her saying to me, "To think that an old woman like me, who have lived in music all my life, should have been told of this music by an amateur!" She trained the soprani and alti, amongst the latter my beloved sister, who once had the happiness and honour of singing with Mme. Goldschmidt in the unaccompanied quartet of Palestrina's *Missa Papae Marcelli*. Nothing could be more dignified and glorious than the great prima donna's rejoicing in leading the Bach Choir to such perfection as it attained.

She was a deeply religious woman, and I think the worship and admiration of all Europe hurt her but very little. I suffered

in the last few years from her fickleness, for she had been very intimate with me, and always professed real affection for me. Then came the resignation of Otto Goldschmidt, my proposal of C.V. Stanford as his successor, and the sudden aversion to me on the part of my two old and tried friends.

. . . I made my pilgrimage to Madame Goldschmidt's grave, the beauty and simplicity of which are well in keeping with her character. I recognised in the granite headstone material from Sweden that reminds me of the preserve-holders she brought me as a marriage present from Sweden. The gardener told me that hundreds of people beg for a flower from off the grave ; Otto Goldschmidt's orders are of course very peremptory that nothing shall be touched. Obviously not a flower would be left were the curious to be satisfied any moment they came to ask for one. Trying to search my heart, whilst meditating over the grave, I could not accuse myself of wrongful dealing with, or uncharitable thoughts towards, that dear being over whose remains I stood, thanking the Almighty for her bright and holy example.

It was many years after she had quitted public life that her art-enthusiasm was power-

fully stirred by the first performance of Bach's B minor Mass; and here I must be allowed a very short and selfish episode, for the origin of that event is curious in the musical history of my day. A few casual words that fell from Professor Walmisley in my hearing in 1849 lodged permanently in my mind, to the effect that the noblest choruses ever written by man were to be found in a work the bare existence of which was problematical, for the contents were known but to the sacred few who could easily be counted. My old friend Otto Goldschmidt caught my amateur enthusiasm, and on the understanding that a Committee be found and a subscription started, he pledged himself to conduct a public performance. Jenny Lind enrolled herself as one of the choir. If the presence of Napoleon on a field of battle was equivalent to a fresh army of 40,000 men, such was the value of this "choragus" to the amateurs who joined her. The result is well known. After the first memorable performance in 1876, the popularity of the great work spread rapidly; its astonishing influence and the renown of its great creator were stimulated by the annual Lenten performance of the Passion Music.

Perhaps the first performance of *Elijah* at the Birmingham Festival of 1846 may be reckoned as the most notable event in my time, but the Mass was assuredly a revelation hardly less momentous in result. I remember the slow process of the new gospel even with professional musicians. John Hullah, with a good opinion of himself as a musical pioneer, qualified his astonishment, after hearing the shattering choruses which woke up humanity, with "Well, Bach was certainly an inspired barbarian." The Bach evangel so untiringly preached by Mendelssohn and Schumann has at last won its way after long years of neglect.

In England the most zealous disciple was beyond question the elder Wesley, whose letters to Jacob, a contemporary organist, are strong evidences of the belief that was in him. In these he shows himself no blind Handelian worshipper; the forty-eight Preludes and Fugues were his constant companions, and in after years some few of his contemporaries were fired by his own enthusiasm. In my Cambridge days the two Bach-worshippers were Professor Walmisley and a Scholar and ultimately Fellow of St. John's by name Lunn. Lunn's brilliant

mathematics won him a high degree and the usual fellowship, but his oddities made the world shy of him, and he lived and died almost unknown to fame. We were on very cordial terms, exchanging college hospitalities, and keeping up our friendship in after years. The first time I breakfasted with him at St. John's, he plunged four eggs into a saucepan filled with boiling water, then flew to the piano and after dashing through the overture to *Figaro*, which took two minutes and a half, proclaimed that the eggs were ready. In his early days, Lunn had attended a rehearsal of *Elijah* under Mendelssohn's own direction. He was absorbed at that time in abstruse mathematical problems, and had such a power of mental abstraction that in "an island full of strange noises" he could read for college examinations undisturbed by outward sounds; but on this occasion he wrote out from memory the quartet "O come, every one that thirsteth," which had taken his fancy, and the copy contained but one wrong note. His friends sent the copy to Mendelssohn, asking his advice regarding the lad's chances if he adopted music as his profession.

I have none but delightful recollections

of Clara Novello, who had heard me sing, with herself and Mr. Weiss, at the Hanover Square Rooms on the occasion of a final rehearsal of Bennett's *May Queen* at which I acted as deputy for Sims Reeves. I shall never forget the joy and support of a professional orchestra, an unknown experience to me at that time. Since those days, local and provincial orchestras have more than kept pace with the amazing progress of music in England. But in churches and Mechanics' Institutes where I sang tenor solos in many oratorios, organ and piano were the poor substitutes for strings and wind with a professional man to command them. Shall I ever forget my agonized struggles in "Cujus animam" with a trumpet *obbligato* by a noble amateur, determined to blow off the roof and me with it?

At the Hanover Square Rooms, too, I sang my one duet with Santley, a rather humiliating experience, for, from over-eagerness and amateurishness I had not mastered the difficult art of husbanding the breath; I was pumped out before the piece ended; as far as the tenor was concerned, it was not even a *succès d'estime*. We all know the proverb "Bad workmen complain of their

tools"; my poor consolation in defeat was that the duet from *William Tell*, "Dove vai tu," had been originally chosen, and at the last moment was changed for a number from a comic opera by Donizetti. I was sure of my ground in Rossini's music, in which I had been well drilled by Schira, and I was anything but at my ease in the Donizetti duet. It was a severe but wholesome discipline. Not the first, for Professor Walmisley in my early college days was candid on the subject of my singing: "You have the voice of an angel," he said, "and can't sing one d—n." By very hard work in Italy, Germany, and France, I "bettered my instruction."

I had a memorable day in Paris, when I called on Rossini and Auber with my Jenny Lind credentials. The old Italian told me of his study of Handel's scores in his youth in the Library of Bologna, his delight in Mendelssohn's visits, and his happy days in England. It was a common thing in the old days of the Italian Opera to ask Rossini to great houses in the country. When I went as a private tutor to Rossie Priory, Lord Kinnaird told me that Rossini was his father's frequent guest at Rossie, and that he himself thought the maestro a sportsman

of the Winkle order. Once he joined a shooting-party, and contrived to give the *coup de grâce* to a badly wounded hare. Transported with his performance he carried the corpse of poor Wat to his bedroom, took it down to dinner, and flourished it triumphantly before the guests with :—" *J'ai eu un grand combat avec celui-là.*"

Auber had real sporting instincts, for I remarked on his pictures of English horses and great races on the walls of one of his reception-rooms, and he explained them to me : " You have forgotten, or you do not know, that I studied banking in England ; the Derby and Ascot races had great attractions for me." When the Germans were marching on Paris, Auber shouldered a rifle and enrolled himself as a citizen soldier, brave old man ! He died during the siege of Paris ; I have been told that no one could tell where he was buried ; such is fame ! For years and years Auber did for light music what Greuze did for painting ; he was one of the famous masters of music at the Opéra Comique, where a Parisian orchestra, and the incomparable singers trained by him in his own works, were the conditions precedent for full satisfaction.

My friend Arthur Sullivan was said by his admirers to have founded a school in England ; if fine work must be shelved and novelties created to suit the fickle state of public taste, I am sorry for an audience which would shelve Auber and Scribe in favour of Gilbert and Sullivan. I have plenty of admiration and respect for Arthur Sullivan ; there are some, but too few passages in his sacred music which are doubly pathetic to me as reminders of the possibilities which once seemed to be within his grasp. He once told me that he was over £2 out of pocket after writing an oratorio for Birmingham ; the comic opera changed all that, and it is no secret that a large income and all the influence that accompanies good fortune were inducements to improve the golden opportunities that befell one whose early struggles were well calculated to spur him to nobler ambitions.

[Some reminiscences of old opera days, taken from the journals of later years in which comparisons are made with modern singers :]

The brothers De Reszke, Polish in origin, are certainly *par nobile fratrum*. The tenor

has not the Italian ring of Mario and Ronconi, who were "all voice"; but his acting is noble and dignified, and his voice and style are not deficient in charm. The aggregate of his qualities atones for his lack of robustness.

. . . Again, at the Opera, for *Don Juan*. Lassalle is an admirable Don. I heard Tamburini twice in that great part, but he was long past his prime, and I believe that he never again undertook the part. He must then have been nearly seventy years of age. My first hearing of *Don Juan* was when I was eighteen, "when to live was very heaven." Poor dear Jack Page and I went together; he had had some little experience of London life and ways, and I accordingly revered his fancied superiority on that score. How well I remember our breakfast the morning after the opera, at the "Golden Cross"; the mutton chop was ambrosia, and the coffee nectar fit for the gods! We had a great cast for the music. Lablache was Masetto, a baritone named Rovere Leporello; I have heard Persiani in Zerlina, and Caradori as Donna Anna; but Grisi and Mario as Donna Anna and Ottavio can never be forgotten. Mario was about thirty-eight years of age, a sort of Henry of Navarre

to look at, and with a voice which I have never heard faintly approached among the sons of men. In "*Il mio tesoro*" he imitated Rubini in so far as to exchange the groups of runs in two instances, and he went up with the orchestra to the high B flat, which he literally yelled, if tones so trumpet-clear and sonorous can be so described. The effect was to raise one from one's seat, an electric shock that remains so vividly in the memory that I can never listen with fairness and impartiality to any other tenor in that particular song. I learnt from my old master, Schira, Mario's plan for taking breath for those mighty leaps, and in my poor fashion I can still imitate the ways of both Mario and Tichatschek, who obliterate from my mind all the other tenors I ever heard or saw. . . . The performance [of this season, 1889], barring the Ottavio, a miserable creature, was a grand one, quite up to the level, if not beyond, of what I heard in boyhood.

Once only, at Weimar, I saw and visited the famous Liszt. It was rather audacious on my part, for I had no introductory letter, and in that which I sent to his house could only plead my wish for an interview with a man who "had received the kiss of

Beethoven " and was known as first and foremost of Wagner's friends and disciples. He received me graciously in a small well-appointed study, with a grand piano crowded with books and papers. In his clerical robes he reminded me in a hazy way of Cardinal Newman, and our talk in its earliest stages was of the Holy Father having suddenly ordered him to go to Rome on some ecclesiastical business. He offered me a very large cigar and we got on famously, until a visitor arrived and spoiled the sport. I had seen *Der Freischütz* at the Opera the night before the day on which I called. He told me of his two interviews as a lad with Beethoven ; there I was on safe ground, but Wagner was a difficult matter, for I asked in my ignorance if the great spectacular operas were not on too large a scale for the Weimar Theatre, which had impressed me as a stage of the *bijou* order. Liszt : " *Sonderbare Frage !* " and he reminded me of his having introduced *Lohengrin* at Weimar. His whole-hearted devotion to Wagner, his championship of the cause of " The music of the Future," must have heartened the younger man in the midst of his early struggles.

Once only I had an interview with Dr.

S. S. Wesley, to whom his contemporary and friend Professor Walmisley unhesitatingly assigned the palm of supremacy amongst English Cathedral organists of the day. His professional experiences had been various. Exeter Cathedral, Leeds Parish Church, Hereford, Gloucester and Winchester Cathedrals had been in their turn under his musical auspices. I believe that after many vicissitudes he looked back upon Exeter as the home of his choice ; there he was buried, and a memorial in the Cathedral records the estimate in which he was held by the citizens of that place. Although prepared for a stiff and formal reception, I had hoped that Professor Walmisley's letter of introduction would save a frost, for the two men were on very cordial terms, and I could remember many of the Exeter Cathedral dignitaries who had outlived the days when Wesley was a name to conjure with in the West of England. It was the Assize time, two of Her Majesty's Judges were at Winchester. Famous men were at Winchester on the "Domum Day" when I first met and heard Wesley. Keble, Moberly, Sir William Heathcote, the Bishop of Winchester and many old Wykehamists were present. We

had the Hallelujah Chorus for an anthem. I remarked to Dr. Wesley that I was in luck in hearing him for the first time in my life accompanying such music. "Do you really admire it? It's a noisy affair," drily remarked the organist, who was much given to paradox and a general mover of amendments to any form of expressed opinion. I can forgive a great deal in a man who wrote the famous Creed and the service in E major which are treasures for all time in Cathedral répertoires.

Wesley was passionately fond of fly-fishing, but with a keen dislike of wading. One day he took a chorister boy with him to carry the net and make himself generally useful, specially in places where, by jumping on the chorister's back, he could throw his fly without wetting his feet. A trout was seen to rise :—"Stop!" cried Wesley, preparing for a cast, and, throwing a long line, perched as he was uncomfortably on the lad's shoulders.

I once made a fruitless effort to recapture the MS. of an anthem written by Wesley for the opening of a new organ in Winchester Cathedral. His pupil Dr. Garrett told me it contained a wonderful quartet, "The

earth is the Lord's." Wesley was said to have parted with a number of unpublished MSS. to a musical firm; it is certain that much of his music remained unpublished; my authority for this was the late Kellow Pye, a contemporary of Wesley in the early days of the Royal Academy of Music, and often consulted by him before the actual publication of his well-known anthems.

I was indebted to my friend Sophy Horsley for an introduction to Sir George Smart, the *doyen* of British musicians in the days of which I am speaking. As a chorister boy he had sat by the side of Joah Bates who officiated as Conductor and Organist at the first Handel Festival in Westminster Abbey in 1784, but the lad was in such awe of his master that beyond the duty of turning over the leaves and helping with the organ stops, he got nothing from a gentleman who had often talked with Handel himself. Sir George ultimately became organist of the Chapel Royal; he was a friend of Beethoven, and it was at his house in London that Carl Maria von Weber died in 1824. Smart was the first English conductor who grappled with the difficulties of the ninth Symphony; he had heard John Cramer himself describe

Mozart's playing, and in company with Sophy Horsley he played for me a long pianoforte duet by John Cramer, which I thought no ordinary undertaking for an octogenarian. His long experience and great musical knowledge were of real value to my old friend Dr. Elvey, who, whenever Royal weddings or funerals were ordered at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, came to London to consult the older musician as to the *Handelian tempi*. Jenny Lind, a wonderful *Handelian* scholar, used to consult the same oracle.

Some few times in later years I took a leading tenor part in operas; these were Mendelssohn's *Son and Stranger*, my friend Alwyn's *Velasquez*, and *The Pirate's Isle*, F. Clay's first effort in operatic music, and one in which he showed such spontaneous gift for melody that he ventured to throw up his place as a Treasury official and make music the work of his life. I believe he acted for a time as Disraeli's secretary, but life at a desk was not Bohemian enough for a youth very popular with his friends, of whom I was one. The memory of the rehearsals of that pretty drawing-room opera abides with me. The choir consisted of Treasury clerks, who were instructed in the opening

scene to "scan the horizon"; we were cheered and encouraged by the presence of W. M. Thackeray, a friend of Clay's family, who had been kind and good to me from Cambridge and Dresden days. He stood by my side, as four of us sang the opening number, an unaccompanied quartet, "The land again"; the novelist, a vigorous *claqueur*, called out for an encore, using the words as they stood in the libretto to express his wish. A Miss Wilson sang the leading soprano part, the composer himself was the second tenor in his own work. Lord Lansdowne and Miss Dolby (as she then was) were in the audience. I valued her encouraging words, for she was the leading English contralto of her day, and the old peer, who had heard every public singer from Madame Mara to Jenny Lind, was regarded as a very high authority in musical matters. I cannot pretend to think that Clay's subsequent career fulfilled the hopes that were at one time entertained of him; a very few of his songs have survived, which retain their original grace and distinction, but when all is said and done, Clay's works on a larger scale cannot be regarded as other than ephemeral. I should have said that the

composer, in search of a tenor for his opera, called on me and begged for my services as he had fixed on a performance within a week's time and was left without a leading tenor. My answer was an acceptance of the offer, but on the condition that I should stay at his father's house with him, if I was to prepare myself for a three-act opera, and work during the small hours of the night before preparing to "scan the horizon" after breakfast time. Everything went well; he and I had the house to ourselves, for the owner was in great request at the Portland Club, and a whist player whose reputation was hardly second to that of Lord Henry Bentinck himself. A mysterious cab used to bring home Clay senior night after night in the small hours, when his son was drilling me in *The Pirate's Isle*. After my first experience I saw very little of my good friend F. Clay, but I have a strong regard for his memory.

Two of my long vacations were spent at Dresden, a city for which Oxford and Cambridge men harbour the fondest recollections and stores of gratitude. There they had every possible facility that scholars, musical virtuosi, or literary students could wish for;

the famous picture gallery was an education in itself. My Dresden forerunner was my relative J. C. Patteson, who had found a learned teacher in Schier, formerly a pupil of Hermann's at Leipzig, a profound Arabic scholar and well versed in English literature as well as in his native tongue. He was so popular with English undergraduates that they clubbed together to defray his expenses for a holiday trip to London, though it seemed very doubtful if he could ever get farther in town than the Library of the British Museum. I believe this was actually the case, and that Schier's wanderings seldom led him beyond the manuscript department.

These were happy Long Vacation days for us ; we worked at German all the morning, choosing such plays as we counted on seeing in the theatre in the evening ; the Dresden stage and the German actors thus became auxiliaries to our studies, and to this day I feel grateful to Devrient, Davison, and their distinguished colleagues. The change and variety of plays was incessant ; *Coriolanus* and *Hamlet* alternated with *Faust* and *Emilia Galotti*. The *Comedy of Errors* was a novelty, and the *Midsummer Night's Dream* with Mendelssohn's music was an unfailing delight.

Rader and Quanter were more than substitutes for Buckstone and Keeley.

The opera, whether German or Italian, was our greatest enjoyment. The three great spectacular works of Meyerbeer were far more efficiently given in Dresden than in London. In my time it was evident that both Meyerbeer and Spontini had left their mark on a theatre to which they had quite recently been invited from Berlin to conduct their best works. I had the rare luck to hear the Italian music sung by La Grua, who sang at Dresden brilliantly for a short time. (She was introduced too late to English audiences.) Her Rosina in the *Barbiere* bore comparison with that of singers of European fame, and in Weber's and Meyerbeer's operas she shared worthily the applause which for many years was the hereditary privilege of Tichatschek, the robust Austrian tenor for whom Wagner wrote the parts of Rienzi, Tannhäuser, and Lohengrin. Of course not a note of Wagner was heard in Dresden during my Long Vacation visits; his participation in the doings of 1848 was too recent. Tichatschek had enjoyed great opportunities on the Dresden stage in the days when Schröder-

Devrient was at her zenith. What Grisi and Mario were in Italian opera these two favourites were in the nobler music of Beethoven, Weber and Spontini. Meyerbeer's operas, though written for the French stage, were admirably suited to the requirements of Germany; his great wealth and opportunities enabled him to shift from Paris and Berlin to Dresden and Vienna, lavishly spending his money on rehearsals. He was a terror to the orchestras he drilled. I have been told of sixty rehearsals before the *Huguenots* was finally launched for the first night's representation, the composer bringing with him two separate scores carefully annotated in black and red ink according to the effect immediately produced on his fastidious ears.

At Dresden I began a lifelong friendship with F. Palgrave, an Oxford contemporary of Coleridge Patteson. Even in those early days he had been intimate with Tennyson, whom he consulted before publishing *The Golden Treasury*; his recollections of Turner were fresh and authentic; I expect that a not over-discreet amateur watching the painter at work must have had a rough time of it. Palgrave was a more trustworthy

judge of verses in which Turner dabbled and from which he drew his mottoes, than he was of such things as the *Fighting Téméraire* or the *Golden Bough*.

Max Müller and his mother were often to be seen in the Grosse Garten or on the Brühl Terrace; the old lady invariably knitting to the tune of some classical symphony, her brilliant son at her side, an amateur musician *hors ligne*, to whom I am indebted for some hours' drilling in Schumann's songs, at that time very little known in England. English critics did all they could for many years to hinder the progress of Schumann, whose illustrious wife was also systematically belittled and repressed, and made to share in the general condemnation. A few notes under her hand convinced all independent detractors. She 'came — saw — conquered. In all her struggles to support herself and children, the active sympathy of her husband's two illustrious friends, Brahms and Joachim, never failed her.

I have often thought it curious that Goethe should have become acquainted, as early as he did, with Berlioz's *Scenes from Faust*, and that Schumann's setting remained a sealed book to the poet, who must have

heard of more modern music through Mendelssohn. I cannot forget that Sterndale Bennett astonished us by excluding from his category of great musicians such a man as Schumann, whose symphonies and chamber music must take rank with the greatest of his age. "His criticisms on art are valuable, and there my admiration ceases." These were Bennett's own words to me.

The world outside Dresden was left very much to itself; a two-day trip to Prague, another to Leipzig during the Fair time, with an occasional complimentary visit to Retzsch, the famous illustrator of *Faust*, a daily swim in the Elbe, varied the pleasing monotony of our daily life. A few of us, greatly daring, ventured on writing a German article in the Dresden *Anzeiger*, wherein we expressed our sympathy with a certain Fräulein Bunke, a favourite artist in secondary parts in the Opera. Her hoarseness on one occasion upset the intended programme, and we aired our sympathy in curiously bad German in the daily paper. "Some few English students, in admiration for a lady who has given them artistic pleasure, humbly hope for her speedy recovery." This tame compliment did not

pass unchallenged by native opera-goers, and we were answered by some penny-a-liner, who regarded our sympathy as rather impertinent and superfluous than otherwise.

Many years afterwards, and in different circumstances, I took a more active part in printing a programme of music in which Sir C. V. Stanford was a protagonist. Our *pension* happened to be frequented by a few musicians, professional and amateur, so it was resolved to invite all in the house to an improvised concert under the direction of Stanford, at that time organist of Trinity College, who was allowed by the authorities to study music at Berlin and Leipzig before settling down to his professional duties at Cambridge. Our concert made some sensation, and we heralded it with a privately printed programme, of which the contents are as follows :

Mit aufgehobenem Abonnement
Zum Besten unserer edlen Selbst
IM SAALE KRETZSCHMAR
den 24. September 1875.

-
1. Hochzeitsmusik (vierhändig) von . . . *Jensen.*
 2. Scena aus der Oper *Genoveva* von . . . *R. Schumann.*
 3. Pianoforte Solo.

4. Schlussgesang aus *Lohengrin* von . *Rich. Wagner.*
5. Sarabande für Pianoforte von . *Ferd. Hiller.*
6. Lieder von . *Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy.*
(a) Sehnsucht. (b) Frühlingslied.
7. Fantasia für Pianoforte von . . *Chopin.*
8. Aria aus *Euryanthe* von . *C. M. von Weber.*
9. (a) Ungarische Tänze
(b) Walzer (vierhändig) von . *Joh. Brahms.*
10. Lied von *Lindblad.*
11. Marsch aus *Tannhäuser* von . *Rich. Wagner.*

Anfang um 6 Uhr. Ende ganz unbestimmt.

Alles Husten, Niesen and Schwatzen ist bei 6 Thlr.
Strafe verboten.

Es wird höflichst gebeten, nicht zu rauchen.

Während der Aufführung der Musik bleiben die Thüren geschlossen und die Ohren aufgemacht.

Das Mitbringen von Hunden, Katzen, Regenschirmen und Gummischuhen ist in jedem Falle untersagt.

Die Frauen dürfen die baumwollenen Strümpfe ihrer Nachbarn nicht stricken.

Man bittet, die Aufführer nicht zu necken.

Ausserordentliche Preise der Plätze.

MITGLIEDER

Fräulein G. L.

Signor CARLO SAROLDI.

Fräulein M. L.

Herr Hof - Kapellmeister

STANFORD.

Fräulein H.

Herr K. K. Kammersänger
COLERIDGE aus Kensing-
ton (als Gast).

Krank : Herr ALDERSON. Unpässlich : Herr RAWLINS.
Contractlich beurlaubt : Herr GEBARD F. COBB.

I have my doubts as to the German part of our audience understanding our efforts to be funny, but it should be explained as a commentary on the programme that Dresden had recently been a good deal taken up with the arrival of a wild-beast show, and we adopted some of the language of the menagerie proprietors, for it suited our form of advertisement, which after all was harmless enough as good-humoured chaff.

In the way of teachers I had singularly good fortune. Matheson, Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge, was said to have been intended originally for the musical profession; he had made a special study of Weber, and gave me admirable lessons in the tenor music of *Der Freischütz* and *Euryanthe*. Edward Holmes, the author of the *Life of Mozart*, taught me the tenor music in Mozart's masses and some of his less well-known operas, such as *Seraglio* and *Così Fan Tutte*. His devotion to two composers, Mozart and Purcell, was well known; for years of his life he lived in Germany collecting materials for his Mozart biography. I drew largely on this book for a lecture I gave later on in the old Pump Rooms at Bath,

and after it was over an old lady introduced herself as a friend of Mozart's widow, the Comtesse von Nissen.

Few musicians in my time worked more strenuously in the cause of art than Henry Leslie, founder of a choir which for some years bore his honoured name. I do not think we were originally more than twenty-five members all told; Madame Patey, subsequently a famous Handelian singer, was one of our number. After the loud and now and then coarse singing in Exeter Hall, it was refreshing to hear motets, madrigals, and part-songs unaccompanied, which won a great and deserved popularity for the Leslie Choir, and its achievements had the happy result of stimulating Smart, Benedict, and other writers to compose especially for the choir itself. Mendelssohn's four-part songs were never heard in England to greater advantage than when they were interpreted under Leslie's auspices. In his half amateur, half professional days he had composed an oratorio *Emmanuel*, which was quoted with admiration by Schoelcher, author of a *Life of Handel*, and a great authority on the progress of music in England. But the world was then even more impatient

than it is now of sacred music other than Handel and Mendelssohn; and the provincial festivals, if venturing outside the two favourites, paid dearly for their daring and public spirit, to say nothing of the fact that their hospitals were heavily penalized by the risk of novelties.

At the time of the Princess Royal's marriage we were asked to sing to the distinguished German guests invited to Buckingham Palace, and were assured that they enjoyed our performance keenly, none more so than Prince Albert, who sat close to us, and, music in hand, followed every note with eagerness and sympathy. He was one of "those who know," for Mendelssohn's opinion of the Prince's cultivated taste in early German days is still on record, and the choice programmes of music in Windsor Castle are further testimony to his eclecticism and fastidiousness in all matters affecting music. I remember his sending to Sir George Elvey his own *Te Deum* for supervision and advice; it was the work of a cultivated amateur who studied art for its own sake and never aspired to publicity. My friend Sir Walter Parratt sang on one occasion with Queen Victoria a duet from this *Te*

Deum ; the granddaughter of George III. had none of her grandfather's enthusiasm for Handel, who owed so much to the House of Hanover. I am afraid that Gounod was higher in her estimation ; she might have bettered her taste by more frequent attendance in St. George's Chapel, where Elvey, ever loyal to the old Saxon, kept alive the great Handelian traditions. Many of those who remember " When the ear heard him " in that Holy of Holies, can understand the old King's passion for such pathetic reminders of happier days.

As popular idols in my young days, Giulio Regondi, the concertina-player, and John Parry, both of them geniuses in their different ways, were never forgotten by those who had once yielded to their spells and fascination. Parry and Costa in their early years had appeared as singers of sacred music at Birmingham, when Costa had been selected by Zingarelli to conduct his music, then new to England.

Two of Walmisley's best-known pupils in my time were Dykes and Pearson. The former was then famous for singing comic songs and dramatic scenes to his own accompaniment, *à la* John Parry, and in after

years endeared himself to thousands of church-people by his popular hymn-tunes ; the latter was better known as Henry Hugo Pierson ; he composed the oratorio *Jerusalem* for the Norwich Festival, and passed the greater part of his life in Germany, where his music to the second part of *Faust* held the stage for many years. For his friend Alfred Pollock, Walmisley wrote duets for piano and oboe ; in Spohr's " Bird and the Maiden," and Purcell's " Halcyon days, when storms are ended," I had the privilege of being associated with Walmisley's accompaniment and Pollock's instrumental *obbligato* :

And oh ! the joy of that duet
Through all my life I shall never forget.

[Coleridge's formal recollections of musical things cease at this point ; what follows is taken from the Journals.]

From a letter from William Cory :

Do you know the German saying, " Haydn built a pleasant cottage at the foot of the mountain ; Mozart built a handsome palace on the shoulder ; Beethoven built a grand castle near the crest, and if any one tries to

build above him he will fall and break his neck."

. . . I know hardly anything of Handel, but I always feel that his music is *borné*, like the talk of parliamentary men and port-wine men, like the heroic couplets of Dryden and Dr. Johnson. Whereas Mozart gives me the sense of perfect angelic freedom, like the best parts of our 1790-1860 poetry; like the pretty movement in *Christabel*, in Tennyson's *Maud*, in Keats's *Hyperion*.

What I should like to be told is that Gluck lived to hear Mozart's best things well performed, and rejoiced in being surpassed and fulfilled. . . . I don't wish to know what Mozart was like to look at; what letters he wrote or the like; he is to me like the half-gods of Hesiod, souls of heroes that still float just above mankind.

Music has been greatly honoured and recognized of late; the nation recognizes what an important factor and lever real art is; why is there any hesitation to subsidize music? . . . I have a ticket given me for *Israel in Egypt* at the Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace next Friday—a gift horse must not have its mouth looked into too inquiringly. I have no real belief in these monster meetings. All delicacy is lost—

it is a mere babel of sound, except in the obviously plain and simple choruses, where people, even in thousands, cannot go wrong.

1880.—The Bach Choir begins this week to rehearse *Alexander's Feast*, a dreary banquet for me. I fear the incessant formalism of Handel will be a trouble to me for this short remainder of my days; the *Ode on St. Cecilia's Day* is my favourite work, short and most powerful.

. . . I have done my best to show others as well as myself our ignorance of Haydn's music. The one thing known to Englishmen is *The Creation*, an inferior work, I expect, to *The Seasons* and by no means representing the composer's extraordinary versatility and grasp of all the forms of art, from a symphony to a "patter song."

1881.—I hope to live to hear the Palestrina *Missa Papae Marcelli* brought out; we shall have done notable things for art if that music be reckoned as an accomplished fact. . . . The Richter Choir finished up a very brilliant season with a performance of Beethoven's *Mass in D*. Although I feel keenly the injustice of comparison of the works of men of exalted genius, one has heard too recently Bach's famous *Mass* to get rid of the method

and treatment of the awful topics the two musicians built their lofty music upon. Bach, in spite of the uncouth, unwieldy songs, is always, to my mind, a deeply religious man, as far as such depth of character is ascertainable through the medium chosen by him for expressing his inmost thoughts. I cannot feel this with Beethoven in this particular work save and except the opening movement, "Kyrie," and the memorable "Benedictus" with its soaring angelic violin *obbligato*. Nor do I think Beethoven's fugal capacity to be mentioned in the same breath with that of the great Sebastian. I went to the rehearsal of the *Mass* as well as the performance; it is an event in one's life to watch the command of Richter; Costa is a brilliant, clever fellow, but so plainly out of his element, apart from the weak Italian schools, that he is only a past memory, not a present joy to me. Emboldened by the success this season, Richter has advertised some eight or nine concerts next year; they will be remarkable in many ways, and it is a wise plan to educate Londoners for the "Nibelungen" by snatches and portions to be given by the German singers in the concert-room.

. . . *December* 1881.—I find the preparation for and reaction after three public lectures a considerable drain of time and energy. Long railway journeys are fatiguing, and the incessant headaches arising from the cough which comes on with an annual indictment at a most inopportune season. All these little matters are trying. But I have no reason to complain of the result of my art missions, and may record with a little self-complacency that in all these places I am pressed and importuned to come again. I am quite satisfied that the ordinary public can be educated—and very rapidly too—to an appreciation of fine music; that taste, judiciously fostered and encouraged, would soon dispel the unwholesome appetite for poor soulless stuff like A. Sullivan's comic operas. Those works have their brief flutter of popularity, and their success makes the authors rich. Where will the reproductions be ten years hence with the keen sense of what is great and enduring in art, steadily advancing in England? ¹ I have seen the approaching doom of Italian opera in this country, and hope to survive the extinction

¹ [The answer to his query would have surprised the author.—ED.]

of another false and ephemeral fashion. There was a time when Sullivan might have done great service by self-denial and devotion to his profession ; in my judgment he forfeits all claim to gratitude of those who were eager to welcome him 20 years ago as the hope of English musicians.

. . . *Feb.* 1889.—I have had a real treat at Leicester ; Spencer Holland and I heard *Midsummer Night's Dream* given by Benson's company and with Mendelssohn's music. It was admirably done, and the fate and future of this young Oxonian interest me exceedingly. He is as particular about his troupe as the stern Puritan Macready himself. How the dear familiar strains of Mendelssohn brought to my memory old Dresden days with the beloved Coley gently tapping his fingers in time with the favourite passages of his best beloved composer. *Midsummer Night's Dream* was one of our prime favourites in those blessed days. I find Benson a determined foe of long runs. He says, and with perfect justice, as I think, that the nightly repetition of the same part must end by crushing out all spontaneity and individuality.

. . . *Sep.* 1889.—I have paid two interest-

ing visits from Wilhelmshöhe, one to the widow of L. Spohr, the famous musician, the other to Dr. Hauptmann, the son of the old Cantor, whose letters have given me infinite trouble and difficulty, but for whom as a teacher and man I feel very considerable reverence. I fear that Spohr, but for his *Violin-Schule*—a standard book—will soon be very nearly forgotten. The great strength and force of Brahms suit this earnest and restless age, which is impatient under the smoothness and orthodoxy of composers of the earlier part of this century. The changes of taste mark the rapid passing and flight of the decades of our own lives; I sigh to have witnessed the fast-decaying popularity of Mendelssohn, and am inclined to think that the unwise effort in my boyhood to make him the Pontiff of music has acted prejudicially to his fame in these later years. Had England been better informed and educated 30 years ago, she would have understood Schumann's greatness and wisely tempered her indiscriminate enthusiasm. . . . I was charmed with the simplicity of old Spohr's surroundings. Even in his great days, Cassel was but a poorish place after all—the Electors and Grand Dukes of those

days were no very great shakes, and except as a good sound educational resort, with this pretty neighbourhood for an appanage, Cassel's advantages were, and are, of the limited order. Spohr's fame and supremacy must have contented him, and certainly his autobiography is the strongest witness to his self-complacency. Spohr's widow, *née* Pfeiffer, is a very old lady and a niece takes care of her; the latter did the honours of the visit, showing us her uncle's rooms, study, and all the presents, orders, etc. made and conferred on him by European magnates. She talked rather sadly of the decay and neglect in which nearly all of Spohr's dramatic works were fallen—*Jessonda* and *Faust* still keep a precarious hold of the stage; the other operas are actually out of print. His great educational book on the Violin and the Duetts and Symphonies are what his fame will ultimately rest on. Dr. Hauptmann very kindly gave me a *Verzeichnis* of his father's works, which I am very curious about and wish I knew.

. . . Oct. 1889.—This afternoon I took a brisk walk into Hastings and called on C. Lockey, my idol as a boy, and the first tenor

who sang to me "Comfort Ye"; that was in Eton Chapel in 1842, and I have felt a debt of gratitude to him ever since. He told me that he and G. Elvey were boys and intimate friends together, when he (L.) was a chorister at Magdalen, Oxford, that he was the first to congratulate Elvey when he was elected at 19 years of age to the organ of St. George's, Windsor, and that from 1842 to 1847 they were on the closest terms of friendship. Lockey showed me the historical slip of music, penned straight off by Mendelssohn in the Birmingham Festival in 1846. It seems that a Recitative was missing in a Coronation Anthem of Handel's, and Mendelssohn dashed off, for Tenor Solo and orchestral accompaniment, a Recitative sung and played there and then at sight. This paper was presented by Mendelssohn to Lockey, and the composer wrote: "With gratitude from F. M. B. also for (3 bars of 'If with all your hearts'—and 3 bars of 'Then shall the righteous')."

. . . 1891.—At a concert of the "Magpies"—the madrigal music reminding me of the days when I was a member of Leslie's Choir. The programme was rich and varied, containing

specimens of foreign and native schools from a very early date—the science and unique charm of the Elizabethan musicians seem to show that intellect of all kinds was stirred at that epoch, those “spacious” days when nothing and nobody escaped the contagion of real greatness. In their genus the madrigal writers have never been approached. I cannot stand more than a few madrigals consecutively, though I see their beauty and feel their charm. They lack the continuity of a great epic, and one tires of exquisite fragments heaped too closely one upon another.

. . . *July 16, 1891.*—I had the rare good fortune to hear Verdi's *Otello* at Covent Garden last night. Albani was in fine form. So in his way was Maurel, though not nearly so good as he imagined himself to be. The music requires a manifold hearing; its great interest to me is that Verdi confesses in every bar that the old order yieldeth to the new. There is the barest vestige of the old weary Italian sing-song,—declamation and recitative abound throughout the work. Boito had no business to make Iago stand on the prostrate form of the unhappy Moor, and cynically call out “*Ecco il leone!*”

Iago is hateful enough in Shakespeare without having this further odious mark set upon him. Othello is easily understood by hot-blooded Southerners; too often indeed a low Neapolitan or Sicilian brigand has a dash of Othello in his composition not easily roused, but if roused, perplexed [*sic*] in the extreme. I shall await with much anxiety Verdi's promised opera of *Falstaff*; if it be true that he is really writing such a work, it will remind one of Gluck, whose matured fruit of genius never appeared until the autumn of his life. The truth is that vast experience of the stage, very close observation coupled with a spirit of discovery, have one and all contributed to ripen this late harvest of Verdi's art. No one can doubt for a moment that the influence of Wagner has caused this wrench in the Italian's style and way of writing.

. . . Gounod's *Philémon et Baucis* is obviously unsuited to a grand opera house such as Covent Garden. I was present many years ago at its performance in Paris, at the Opéra Comique. There it was in its proper frame; last night I felt it was altogether out of its proper surroundings, and I was bored, in spite of Plançon's very fine singing

and handsome personality. *Pagliacci* disappointed me musically; the story is effective and the play rather than the opera was admirably performed; but the story is an adumbration of Hugo's *Roi s'amuse*, and Leoncavallo would never have written his musical drama with the inevitable Intermezzo, had not Wagner penetrated into Italy as well as Germany. I expected this of all the young and clever Italian musicians. The imitation is as inevitable as that of Mendelssohn was with all English composers thirty years since.

. . . 1894.—Hiller's Conversations with Rossini are real good reading. Hiller was able to draw out the brilliant Italian whose life has never been adequately told. When two such judges as Hiller and Hauptmann have recorded their opinions and estimates of their contemporary's gifts and genius, I am sure that the world has under-rated him, in vilipending him as a heartless sort of Epicurean of shallow mind and insincere in his art and life. Rossini was immensely ahead of the Donizettis, Vaccajs, Bellinis of half a century since; there are glimpses of deep beauty in parts of *Otello*, *Moïse* and the little known opera he wrote for Paris,

Le Comte Ory. The present generation cannot hear the *Barbiere* and *Otello*, for the race of singers for whom the florid music was specially written has ceased to exist.

CHAPTER V

RECOLLECTIONS ARTISTIC, DRAMATIC, AND LITERARY

I KNEW J. E. Millais intimately in the earliest days of his fame and prosperity. My house at Kingston-on-Thames was close to that of his parents, and the painter's brother William shared my musical sympathies, and constantly sang with me duets by the composers who wrote for the great school of Italian singing. William Millais was himself a painter of merit and distinction, but his works, measured by the standard of his brother's, had but a poor chance in the public market, and never enjoyed more than a limited sale. Both brothers inherited special gifts from their mother, who excelled in etching. I have often heard from Millais of his childhood's days in Jersey. His early instincts were closely and jealously watched by his mother,

a very masterful woman, who determined on her own judgment to test the value of the Islanders' admiration of her boy's drawings, by going to London and showing them to Sir Martin Shee, then President of the Royal Academy. He received mother and son with icy civility ; " he had heard too often of infant prodigies, from the well-remembered days of Sir Joshua Reynolds," etc., etc. Taking some statuette or ornament from the mantelpiece, he told his visitors that he should be absent for an hour or so ; meantime the boy was to make a copy ready for the President's inspection on his return. This was so well done that Shee repented of his incredulity, adding, " Your Jersey friends, Madam, are quite right ; we must have this boy in the Academy." He carried off one prize after another year by year ; the most wonderful of his youthful performances was " The Benjamites seizing their Brides," an oil picture which was for years the pride of the sitting-room at Kingston. Much to the painter's annoyance, his parents sold this treasure for, I think, £200 or thereabouts ; it should have remained an heirloom in the family.

Millais' good looks, prosperity, and ever-

increasing fame brought him a host of friends, amongst whom were some of the leading spirits of the time. When Dickens and Thackeray died, I remember Millais lamenting that he had been called in by the immediate relatives of the two novelists to paint the lifeless forms of his two illustrious friends. "I cannot refuse," he said, "cost me what it may."

Cardinal Newman was amused on his introduction to Millais in his studio, by finding that "Your Eminence" was altered into "Mr. Cardinal." . . . Millais showed me his Newman portrait, the result of seven hours' sitting. It is a marvellous likeness. Lady Millais played the violin to the Cardinal, and pleased him; he told Millais that although eighty-two years of age, he constantly played his violin. "Of course I play out of tune, but they all declare it beautiful." One cannot wonder at the irresistible influence of a man of such charm and fascination.

Some of my happiest recollections of social times with the painter were late in the autumn, prior to his flight to Scotland. "You may choose any two persons you would like to meet at dinner," he would say,

and on one occasion I nominated Sir Edwin Landseer and Anthony Trollope as his guests. Both accepted the invitation, and I cross-examined Sir Edwin on the subject of Sir Walter Scott. He submitted with the greatest good will, adding, "You cannot consult a better authority, for I knew Sir Walter Scott and Abbotsford from my boyhood ; my father was one of Scott's earliest friends." A feather-headed youth, after winning the gold medal of the Royal Academy, would have been in some danger of being spoiled by such social success as Millais was not slow to gain. I have heard from Tennyson and Millais himself accounts of those wonderful breakfasts given by Samuel Rogers, at which the literary lions of the day were invited to assist ; in 1895 Gladstone and Millais were the only survivors.

It was my privilege for years to go in and out of Millais' studio and watch the growth of many of his great pictures, for we were neighbours at South Kensington as we had been at Kingston. On one occasion I stumbled over the crouching figure of a model, posing as an Eastern slave ; the gentleman's legs had been washed in coffee and were a violent contrast with the white

of his turban. The wearer, once a Life Guardsman, had attracted the attention of Sir David Wilkie while on guard at St. James's, and the sentinel had been painted by him some thirty years before his shapely leg was of use to the young painter.

At the time of Millais' brilliant period of illustrating magazines and books, I sat frequently as a model ; this was amusing rather than otherwise.¹ I escaped the more arduous task of figuring as one of the upholders of the hands of Moses as he watched the battle of Rephidim.

Such rare friendships as that which existed between Millais and Holman Hunt, those foremost artists of their age, make high things possible. When Millais was tired of his own picture, he worked on Hunt's, and Hunt on his, and when Millais finished his "Lorenzo and Isabella" his friend declared it was the most wonderful picture ever painted by a man under twenty. Hunt's first real instruction came from a pupil of Wilkie's, who told him, as he sat copying "The Blind Fiddler," that Wilkie painted without dead

¹ Excellent portraits of Arthur Coleridge in his younger days may be seen in the two-volume edition of Trollope's *Orley Farm*, vol. i. facing pp. 111 and 289.

colour underneath, and finished each bit in turn like a fresco-painter. But the real factors that contributed to make the supreme artist were the close observation of nature, and an independence of judgment which refused to give a dumb assent to tradition, however widespread and acceptable.

I had made the acquaintance of Holman Hunt at the Millais' at Kingston ; and after we had lost sight of one another for some thirty years, Hunt came for good to London, and we at once picked up the threads of a friendship necessarily interrupted by circumstances, and by Hunt's long absences in the East and the Holy Land, where he finished those sacred subjects which have become part of the nation's inheritance. I was brought into close relationship with him when his failing eyesight made a reader of some little value. I offered my services in that capacity. He never wearied of Browning's poetry ; there lived no better commentator on that poet, and in the half-hours that followed upon our studies, I eagerly listened to the varied incidents of a life chivalrously devoted to his art, and carried on at times under conditions that none but the bravest man would have cared

to encounter. A picture such as "The Scapegoat" took years to accomplish; "The Light of the World" shines to all time, though as a replica, in St. Paul's Cathedral; who can measure the value of such art as the handmaid of religion, or fail to recognize the debt from humanity to such a teacher as Holman Hunt?

Similarity of tastes and sympathies led to his friendship with my daughter Mary; at his own request she wrote a short biography of himself for the series called "Masterpieces in Colour." It has a pathetic interest as being the work of the last fortnight of my child's too short life.

Early in April, 1908, I received a letter in acknowledgment of a copy of my daughter's poems:

MY DEAR COLERIDGE,—I heartily thank you for sending your daughter's poems, which are rich in poetic insight. This is particularly striking in those which deal with impersonal nature, not only as the poet reflects herself upon them, but in the independent life which she discovers them to abound in. It is an example of that poetic insight into truths which science is more slow to recognize.

Concerning vitality in inorganic matter, science has now begun to find vibration and activity at work there. The poems are indeed prevalently sad, and one remembers that such are often "the sweetest songs," but it is comforting to trace through all that recognition of a Heavenly purpose behind and beyond suffering, which brings enduring peace, and you, her father, will find calm in this testimony when grieving for the loss of so sweet a daughter. In the prospect of meeting you next week, I am with many sacred memories, Yours ever,

W. HOLMAN HUNT.

In very early days I was taken to the National Gallery, and saw for the first time the great pictures, under the auspices of General Thwaytes, my mother's uncle, who, when on retirement and half-pay, had been appointed by Sir Robert Peel as Secretary to the National Gallery, a post held by him until he became a Major-General, when his rank was too high for him to continue in it. After distinguished service in India, Egypt, and the Peninsula, where he was twice wounded, having survived the storming of Badajos and the battles of Salamanca, Vittoria, and the Pyrenees, he went on half-pay in 1817. This was the great mistake of

his life, for he tried in vain in after years to get back to his old profession. He tendered his services at the time of the Crimean War, but his age was against his being employed, and his rank entitled him to a position of command, had the Government of the day closed with his offer. For years he led a quiet, secluded life in Chelsea, visited by a few of his comrades, and on terms of intimacy with Louis Napoleon, then in exile. The future Emperor of the French offered to fill up a blank cheque for Thwaytes's beautiful water-colour copy of Sebastian del Piombo's "Raising of Lazarus."

My old uncle, clubless and deserted, was a character that would have delighted Thackeray. For reasons only known to himself, he refused to join the United Service Club, and he told me of the fact in one of the few conversations I remember to have had with him. He made no secret of his low opinion of the East Indian service, intimating that the Company's officers acquired Oriental habits which unfitted them for the society of gentlemen. From this sweeping condemnation he was good enough to exempt his two relations, Colonels Hodgson and Delamain, who had distinguished them-

selves in India as well-known and scientific soldiers.

In my private tutoring days I was for some months in lodgings at Brighton ; on the ground floor lived two old ladies named Lane, who often endured the infliction of my vocal and pianoforte exercises, asked me to tea and introduced me to Charles Mayne Young, the eminent actor, an old Etonian and a stage contemporary of the two Kembles and Mrs. Siddons. The two Miss Lanes had been among the number of chance correspondents of S. T. Coleridge, whose long-winded letters they carefully preserved but never published. Young was in the habit of reading Shakespeare aloud to these two aged dames, and was so tolerant of my tiresome *solfeggi* that he called on me and sent me as instructress a lady who had in years gone by given singing lessons to Clara Novello. We became friends, for I found his conversation delightful ; I kept and still possess many of Young's letters. He assured me that the three happiest years of his professional life were shared with Mrs. Siddons at Manchester and Edinburgh ; whenever his engagements allowed it he was to be found at Abbotsford ; Lockhart

in his *Life of Scott* tells us that down to the end of Scott's life Mr. Young was never in the North without visiting him. Young informed me that he introduced to Abbotsford the actor Daniel Terry, whose name was on Scott's lips on his deathbed. At one time Young's acting had proved so attractive in Scotland that some of his patrons, Scott among them, schemed for building a new theatre in Edinburgh in order that the talents of the young actor might have a larger field; the project was never realized, and Young's later years were professionally passed in splendid services at Drury Lane and Covent Garden with such eminent colleagues as Kean, Charles Kemble, Macready, and Miss O'Neill.

In my time at Brighton, Frederick Robertson was by no means the supreme attraction as a preacher, and Young was a constant attendant on the ministry of Mr. Sortain. Mr. Bernal Osborne used to tell how, one Sunday morning, he was shown into the same pew with the old actor. He was struck with his devotional manner during the prayers, and by his rapt attention during the sermon. But he found himself unable to maintain his gravity when, as the preacher

paused to take breath after a loud and eloquent outburst, the habits of the actor's life betrayed themselves, and he uttered, in a deep undertone, the old familiar "Bravo !"

Macready is the greatest of all theatrical memories to me, for I only saw Salvini, Rachel, and Ristori on special occasions. He always gave me the impression of a real student and a scholarly man. He had been in the sixth form at Rugby, and always retained a great regard for Dr. Wool, the head master of his day, an Orbilius of small stature, but very handy with the birch, whose victims retaliated on his fierceness with "Much cry, little Wool." The actor's brother, Major Macready, who commanded a regiment at Waterloo, was a man of letters as well as a soldier. I imagine him to have had more self-control than his tragedian brother, who was cursed with an Irish temper and was the terror of his professional brethren. Some he assaulted, others he mercilessly abused in his diary, a book which had better have been suppressed, for he loathed his profession, and did not spare his colleagues, male or female. It is difficult to account for his friendship with Lytton, Browning, and

Dickens, for he must have been very trying at times.

As a fellow-member with Sir J. T. Coleridge of a committee for erecting a certain monument in Westminster Abbey, my uncle invited Macready to dinner; by ill-luck the under-footman had originally been a callboy at Drury Lane under Macready's management; at the sight of his old commander he lost all self-control and announced the actor as "Mr. Macready of Drury Lane." It was lucky that no blood was spilt, for self-restraint was not natural to Macready, as Manager Bunn proved in a court of law which awarded him heavy damage for an assault.

Charles Kean was for years a loyal friend of mine; he was a genuine old Etonian, and was accustomed now and then to spend his holidays at Salt Hill, in order to be near the Playing Fields, and to visit Dr. Hawtrey, who had been an assistant master and a colleague of Chapman's in Kean's oppidan days. I am afraid Charles Kean disrelished my admiration of Macready, who outshone, in my judgement, every tragic actor I had ever seen. Second to him, but distinctly second, were Emil Devrient and Davison, the

great stars of the Dresden Theatre, whose fine performances compensated us young Englanders for the loss of Macready when he retired from the English stage. Kean showed some tragic power in the character of Ford in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, but the Lears and Othellos were beyond him, and inevitable comparisons were made, not to his advantage, by the older generation of playgoers who remembered his father in those great parts.

[Arthur Coleridge enjoyed many intimate talks with Tennyson, and has gathered up many sayings of the poet, which were included in *Tennyson and his Friends* (1911). Most if not all of these were uttered during long walks at Farringford, as Coleridge and his family were in the habit of spending Easter at Freshwater. A few more of the sayings he has preserved may be included here.]

T. I am rather in favour of Confession for boys and girls. Your story of Newman and Andrews illustrates the slavery, the abject slavery of the Papist mind. You know what Wiseman, when dying, said to the nurse at his bedside: "Give me some command that I may obey it."

People are mistaken in saying that all my characters are photographs of men and women known to me ; nearly all are drawn from imagination.

If two Irishmen were on their way to Paradise, and it rained automatic shille-lahs on either side of them, they would not be contented.

C. What do you mean by " hollow shapes enclosing hearts of flame " ?

T. Merely spectral visions ; it might have been suggested by Vathek. . . . I am writing a poem on Akbar, an Eastern king contemporary with Henry VIII. and a much greater man. I am at a loss how to pronounce the word ; it is important, for I must know the quantity, to make it fit the rhythm of a particular verse. A librarian, anyhow Max Müller, will tell us.

[At Easter, 1888, Coleridge found that Tennyson was pleased with the American recognition of his genius, though he was, or pretended to be, vexed at being made a schoolbook at Harrow. He said, "The Harrovians will call me 'that horrible Tennyson.'"]

Poets—not very many—have written finer things individually than Tennyson,

but who, since Milton, has written so much that is exquisitely finished and perfect? He has always maintained a uniform level of delicately wrought poetry. William Johnson (Cory) thought him a much greater poet than Spenser, and was not afraid to say so. He did a great deal to make Tennyson popular with Cambridge undergraduates. I remember the excitement at King's when Johnson, the last new poem in hand, rushed across the lawn as if afraid of losing his newly acquired treasure. What Johnson eagerly recommended, I heard my aunt Sara discuss, and always with the deepest interest, for she had a far-reaching mind and great discrimination and taste. What I always lamented in my old friend was his aloofness from the world which was so much at his beck and call. He watched it, and in a certain sense courted it, for he resented keenly the faintest breath of criticism, herein differing from his contemporary, Robert Browning, who, in the matter of reviewers and critics, was pachydermatous and profoundly indifferent. But what great men they were and are! For I cannot think that England, come what may, will forget and ignore the late Laureate.

. . . (1881). We are all pleased though not astounded with the literary merit of Tennyson's play [*The Cup*]. Irving I think a second-rate artist and Ellen Terry a very graceful one, not strong enough to excite powerful emotions, but ever pleasing and tender. The second act is so full of poison, -vengeance, and murder that Siddons or Ristori is wanted for an adequate representation of the leading woman; in the first act Ellen Terry seems to have stepped from the Elgin marbles, and is perfectly adequate to all that the situation requires of her.

. . . (1888). The Laureate honoured me by adopting a reading I suggested in a verse of four lines he has written as a preface to the life of Ward, which is to appear next autumn; though my emendation was only from "as" to "how" I thought it important. . . . He quoted with approval Huxley's definition of Positivism as "Romanism with the bottom knocked out"; he is vexed with this week's *Spectator*, in which the editor calls Matthew Arnold a greater poet than Gray, from whose "Elegy" he quoted with delight. He had not heard of Bonstetten and did not know of Gray's

passion and extraordinarily fastidious ear for music. He told me of a lad who once lay in wait in the corridors of a German Court to shoot the Emperor Napoleon, but was unnerved by the glance of his intended victim's eye.

. . . (1890). *T.* "Break, break, break," was written by me at 5 A.M. one summer morning, wandering about the lanes. "Crossing the Bar" took me five minutes one day last November.

I never read Southey's *Life of the Bedford Tinker*, but this little book of Froude's (*John Bunyan*) is deeply interesting. Very necessary too, and opportunely arrived, for English classics are swamped by modern novels. In old days at St. Mary's Church I remember large baskets full of good-sized editions of the *Pilgrim's Progress* intended for distribution among my dear godfather's parishioners. I caught the infection, and at ten years old knew the book very intimately. On the whole I believe the effect was salutary, although the black wings of Apollyon are a nightmare to any child whose imagination may be prematurely developed and in excess of sober sense.

. . . It was so right of Thackeray to recall his admirers to a sense of what the world lost in Southey ; he couples his name with that of Collingwood, as synonymous with all that is dignified and nobly human. If there is any dash of egotism in Southey's recorded opinions, he was surely far less self-absorbed than Wordsworth ; and his love of humour and playfulness of mind make his letters far more interesting to me. He and Lord Hardinge are the only public men I have ever read of who drew tenderness from that rock of a man, Sir Robert Peel.

. . . (*May*, 1886). Our party was really delightful. Browning, Canon Ainger, and Knight Watson, are to me separate feasts in themselves. They each talked admirably. Our music in the evening was of the rare and choice order ; Orlando di Lasso, Farnaby, Dowland, Gibbons, Dalayrac, the French and Italian schools in their best day. My poet was as happy as he could be.

. . . (1889). F. and I had a treat last night in the music of Mr. Wilfrid Ward, son of " Ideal " Ward, the famous Balliol tutor whose secession to Rome made such a sensation in the distressing days of my boyhood. He must have lived and learnt in

Italy, for, were a listener to shut his eyes, he would swear to a regular well-taught Italian *maestro*. With no scrap of music before him, and relying entirely on his memory, he gave us whole sections of Rossini's and Mozart's operas. The voice is a beautiful baritone and has been cultivated with a rare perfection. He has many other than musical gifts, for he writes learned articles in the *Nineteenth Century*, and seems in every way to have inherited a great deal of his father's powers. The father's biography is due next week, and ought to be a very interesting work, although the memory of that awful split in the English Church is to me, and always will be, the saddest reminder of the affliction God sent on me in early days.

Ward tells me that Cardinal Newman can find nothing in George Eliot or in Tennyson ; his favourite novelists are Scott, Dickens, Trollope, and Jane Austen. This is to me disappointing ; I think a monastery or a convent keeps away a great deal of light from the mind's eye.

. . . S. Holland and I paid homage at Olney to the poet Cowper. We visited his "summerhouse," a place about the size of a small bathing-machine, but sacred from

imperishable associations. There, with his smoking friend, whose pipes and baccy were kept under a loose plank in the floor, Cowper used to sit and write. "John Gilpin" was written under these conditions. The churches at Olney and Weston are both of them interesting, and the old Vicarage where Newton saw the poet daily for twenty years is as it was in the old days. The avenue at Weston must in summer time be unique in beauty ; it consists of a quarter of a mile of lime trees, bigger and more beautiful than the well-known trees at Cambridge. At the end of the avenue is an alcove where the poet used to meditate. I find that the Olney villagers keenly appreciate the gentle ways and high breeding of the poet ; they always called him "Sir Cowper," and I expect that name tickled him. We ought to have read his delightful letters on the spot ; that is the way to relish a great poet, —sit where he sat, picture him to yourself and feel the power of the surroundings.

. . . Yesterday I strolled into the Abbey (Westminster) for a part of the service and was pleased to find a crowd, all orderly and well-behaved. The Dean [Bradley] has done a great deal in his generation, not the least

consisting in making the ordinary Londoner conscious of his right and title to the great church. I share the Dean's veneration for the statues and busts ; with all their artistic faults (and most certainly they are, in several instances, utter excrescences), how we should miss them, were some committee of Architects allowed to plunder the abbey !

. . . (1882). Canon Pearson's death is a calamity indeed ; he died after three days' illness. I never can forget my too few interviews with that dear good man, or his real kindness which seemed a second nature to him ; he realised Addison's words " the post of virtue is a private station," for it is no secret that he might have been Dean of Westminster. His one ambition seemed to be to live with his own parishioners and point them the way to Heaven. Pearson's preaching showed great reading, liberality and enlightenment ; he was always praying for a time when science and theology could agree and follow the same path.

. . . (WARWICK, 1891). I am revelling in the prospect, say six days hence, of emancipation from duty which, remembering the Apostolic precept to be content in whatever state Providence has placed us, it is perhaps wrong

to call irksome. But the deadly monotony cannot but be trying. Twice, alas ! in my life, have I, through others, lost my savings. There seems a special Providence, or improvidence, which prevents my retiring from office, and seeking some other less remunerative but more congenial task.

. . . You are a bold fellow, A. D. C., to sing alongside of Mrs. Bob Lyttelton the tenor part in the first half of *Messiah* ; for you are in years and out of practice. I got through it, spite of a little nervousness, all right ; Mrs. L.'s sympathetic spirit did great things for me.

. . . (DERBY, 1888). I had some talk with my host (Sir H. Wilmot of Chaddesden) about Lord Rodney. The Wilmots are good authority ; Lady Wilmot was a Mundy, and Henry talks of Rodney's daughter, who lived to 1870, as " Aunt Jane." He agreed with me that Rodney's battle was as great an exploit as any of Nelson's, and in Rodney's time the French admirals understood their profession far better than the generation of captains that immediately succeeded them. He further told me that the two coolest and most imperturbable men of our time under fire, are Lord Wolseley and Sir G. Graham.

Their speech and talk in battle never betrays the least anxiety or change from ordinary demeanour. This is, I fancy, a very rare trait in either soldiers or sailors. I think Sir Harvey Jones and Lord Raglan were instances, and that their coolness, founded on Peninsular experiences of 40 years before, astonished the brave but nervous young soldiers of the Crimean days.

CHAPTER VI

CIRCUIT REMINISCENCES

(A) By Sir W. RYLAND ADKINS, M.P., of the Midland Circuit.

(B) By L. SPENCER HOLLAND, Esq. (late Associate on Midland Circuit).

A

THE first time I saw Arthur Coleridge was at Northampton Assizes, when I looked into Court to spend a morning when home from Oxford. There beneath the Judge sat a man singularly handsome and dignified. Now and again he was giving a prisoner in charge, or telling a jury to consider their verdict, and meanwhile writing tirelessly in a large MS. book, and every few minutes lifting up the lid of the desk before him and taking out a rose to be inhaled and then put back. It seemed odd, and yet somehow all in keeping, and the roses and the writing and the official duties blend as one saw

them do then and often after in one's memory of A. D. C.

When some years later I joined the Circuit, I came to know him well and we stayed frequently at each other's homes. No one could be more forthcoming to his friends or more frankly self-revealing, and any recollections of him must be coloured by affectionate gratitude for what he was to me.

His talk, alike at mess and in private life, was an individual thing defying analysis. It became more thickly studded with stories as the years went on, but the threads on which the tales were strung were many-coloured and iridescent with lively fun. He never acted his stories, but he went very near it. The one meal in his day was dinner, and when cheered and refreshed with food and wine, his vivacity and verve were unflagging. The stories recounted by my friend Mr. Holland bring back the eager manner, the varied tones, the humorous eye, the gusto and enjoyment with which things new and old were recounted. They were all steeped in good temper, but A. D. C. had much command of incisive speech and comment when he wished.

It is recorded that on one occasion a

woman was tried for infanticide. The prosecuting counsel called Coleridge's attention to the fact that the sufferers were twin children but that there was only one brief, and he asked for two brief fees. Coleridge did not agree, and they referred the claim to the presiding Judge. Those were the days of two Judges on Circuit, and their Lordships consulted and supported the Clerk of Assize. Soon after, a copy of verses appeared recounting the matter at length. They were Coleridge's. In recent years he would never repeat them, as they might be taken to criticize an old friend, but one verse has survived in Circuit gossip, and that luckily the crucial one :

Said Cleasby, my opinion is,
And Shea with me agrees,
For legal purposes and costs
These twins are Siamese.

But it required much stimulus to provoke A. D. C. to trenchant rhyme. His action as taxing officer was, perhaps, a sensitive point. Personally, he was a most generous man, given to hospitality and with a hand and pocket ever open to claims, sound or unsound, which appealed to his wide and tender sympathy. But he was a severe and rigorous

guardian of the public purse, and his scale of allowances was lower and more rigid than that of any other Circuit, at least in later years. This was not from any want of sympathy with beginners, who depend not a little on ordinary prosecutions. No one watched the newcomer with a kindlier eye. A. D. C. fastened instinctively on the good qualities of junior counsel and exaggerated them with the zest of friendship; the old phrase that "all his geese are swans" rather applied to him. The fact is, he liked his fellow-creatures. He particularly liked fellow barristers; and once he made a man his friend, he only saw and spoke of the good in him and was ever alert to help. No wonder that men of all ages loved him, and that no attraction on circuit equalled that which his company provided. In another way he exerted an influence unrivalled in quality and extent. His conversation always had the flavour of literature and of great subjects. To talk "shop" at mess was to him intolerable, and it is delightful to think of the vast quantity of this which we were spared by his presence and authority. After the most exciting case, it would not be long before he turned away to anecdotes of famous

men and old humorous situations, to gossip of the great, and far-off memories of school and college, which filled up the evening, and to tired combatants refreshment and mental profit were the result. And yet it all arose naturally out of the personnel of the dinners or the events of the day.

I recall how, one evening, when something came up about the characteristics of rural clerks and sextons, his eye gleamed and he said : " Ah, that is like the Derbyshire man who saw the Judge of Assize when he went to church in state and was much impressed. The following Sunday, it being summer, the Judge strolled out into the country and entered a village church. Morning service had just begun. In his place stood the clerk, who recognized the Judge. How was he to show his respect and knowledge during morning prayer ? The *Te Deum* was reached, and he saw his chance. Luckily it was his turn to repeat the versicle, ' We believe that Thou shalt come to be our judge,' and suiting the action to the words, he turned to Mr. Justice X and bowed profoundly as he sounded the words ' our judge.' The King's representative was not to be ignored in the National Church."

Story-tellers are of several kinds—some who enjoy their own stories spoil them thereby. It was not so with A. D. C. He enjoyed so boyishly any kind of reminiscences that those who listened were full of the joyous infection almost as soon as he began. The dullest and most illiterate could not resist his charm, and the fine breeding with which he accepted some stupid and ancient jape as a contribution to the talk was a lesson at the time and a joy in recollection. He threw the same genial light on those of whom he spoke, famous or obscure. It was a new sensation to many a fledgling counsel to hear at his first mess the memories of a man who had known Tennyson and Browning, who was crammed with *ana* of Wellington, who had spoken to every Eton and Cambridge celebrity of half a century, and who yet was so unfeignedly anxious to hear the tyro's comments on men and things and to find points in common with him. A reference to a day at Freshwater when the bard said, "Listen to this, Arthur," and read from manuscript "Crossing the Bar"; an illustration of the quaint procedure at Assizes in Oakham Castle; a recalling of Eton *v.* Winchester, when the captain of the latter

fell a victim to young Coleridge's "Barthers"; a note on Prince Albert's formal etiquette; a comparison of the eloquence of Cockpen and Karslake,—any or all of these, for example, might greet the ears of the newest member of Circuit when first he dined with A. D. C.

His social reputation was long established in the Midlands. Dinner parties were made up for him, generally with that infusion of the clergy which he liked, and in no county were there not many who were proud to entertain him. Indeed, he has left behind him a widespread delusion that his conversation was but typical of the Bar, and many is the host who has found out that the gifts of A. D. C. were his own and did not accompany wigs and gowns of necessity. But his life as Clerk of Assize had other aspects. One has mentioned his severe and stern economy. The routine of the office, though he had gone through it all in his time, did not naturally interest him, nor was he specially concerned with legal intricacies which occur not very frequently in criminal work, but he could appreciate and enjoy fine distinctions as expounded by Judges or men who were masters of the case.

He had shrewd and firm opinions on sentences, and few, if any, were the Judges who were not wise enough frequently to consult him. But, like us all, he was a man of his generation, and in sentencing leaned to severity like his contemporaries and unlike those of the present day. Alas ! that his magnetic personality has gone. There was sweetness and strength, the refinement of the scholar, the rich humanity of one whose joy in life never failed, and these were set in a frame of unforced and unassuming dignity which saved him from the vulgar and added weight to his influence both in his official and social hours. As Mr. Holland has said, he had occasional moods of silence and reserve, but when he passed from these his interest and his memory were inexhaustible. Scarcely a fortnight before he died, when staying with me for Northampton Assizes and evidently very ill, he roused up at luncheon on Sunday and told Mr. and Mrs. Holland, who were there, and myself, how Gladstone's nickname at Eton was "Merrypebble," and that Lord Granville to the end called him "Mr. Merrypebble" in private letters. It is not because the deeper sides of Arthur Coleridge were not of most value, that one's recollec-

tions gather round his boyishness and his fun. But these deeper matters are for intimacy and for one's own heart. To the public as to his acquaintance, his permanent youth and his varied joyousness were his special features. Would one could fix them by art of cunning words so that they could remain!

In the late 'nineties there were picked up at an assize town certain fragments in manuscript of what affected to be passages from a "Circuit Hiawatha." One such was found where A. D. C. had been sitting, and is as follows :

Next to silks their needs describing,
The Assize Clerk, Arthur Coleridge,
Most impressive this official.
When he swears a common jury,
When he calls upon a prisoner
To stand up and take the sentence.

Very full is he of stories,
Culled from many men and places,
Now he writes them in a volume,
In a large and varied volume.
Most voluminous its contents,
All things secular and sacred.
There are reams of comic verses,
There are extracts from Isaiah,
Ancient jests and modern sermons,
Epitaphs and friends' addresses.

Never was there such a medley,
Most attractive to all people.
In the days of Lind and Grisi,
Coleridge was a mighty singer,
Now alas we hear him coughing.
Once he swiped and bowled at cricket,
Once he lectured, rode and galloped,
Still he keeps his boyish nature,
Just "an Eton boy grown heavy."

B

For fifty-four years Arthur Coleridge acted as an official on the Midland Circuit, at first as Clerk of Arraignment under his brother Francis Coleridge, and subsequently under Frank Cockburn, whom he succeeded in 1876 as Clerk of Assize. The Circuit had changed its venue during that period. Up to that year it included Warwick, Derby, Nottingham, Lincoln, York and Leeds; in 1876 York and Leeds were transferred to the North-Western Circuit, and Aylesbury, Bedford, Northampton, Leicester and Oakham were added to the Midland Circuit, to which Birmingham was added in about 1884, with a right of entry therein for the members of the Oxford Circuit. As Clerk of Arraignment and Deputy Clerk of Assize Mr. Coleridge frequently sat in the second court for criminal business, while as Clerk of Assize he became

the permanent figure-head of the Crown Court, in which he carried out, in a manner all his own, the picturesque ceremonial procedure, such as opening Commission, calling over the Grand Jury, arraigning prisoners, and "calling on them" before sentence. The latter process, in the case of conviction for murder, invariably caused him some emotion; he seldom failed to remember the fatal day some weeks later, for those whom he had "called" on their last public appearance.

With such a long period of office he had personal experience of many Judges. "*Tot homines, quot sententiae*"—which may be freely translated, "Many human characters, and various sentences." Penal servitude was doled out freely; there were no "Probation" or "First Offenders Act" alleviations, and seldom a release on recognizances. Two or three Courts would sit at Leeds and perhaps at York, for all the records of which the Clerk of Assize would be responsible, and these would be found perhaps somewhat spasmodically but always accurately entered in his small scholarly handwriting in the large flat note-books which he fancied.

Of Lord Campbell, L.C.J., he had some

strange reminiscences. The grim old Scotsman apparently took a fancy to the picturesque and cultured young Clerk of Arraigns. He would be asked, or practically commanded, to sing for the supposed entertainment of this doughty Saul and of his lonely spouse and frightened Marshal. Coleridge used to tell how at Warwick one day Lord Campbell, irritated by the chimes of a neighbouring church, shouted out, "Stop those bells!" suddenly adding, "unless it be for Divine service, in which case God forbid." On another occasion, in St. Mary's, Warwick, where the Judges were in attendance, a nervous chaplain began the prayer for Parliament, upon which Lord Campbell rose in his robes from the State pew and called out, "No, no, young man; Parliament stands prorogued."

Of Mr. Justice Byles he would record an absurd incident of his coming upon Circuit with a large green shade over his eyes on account of some weakness. In addressing a Grand Jury from under this protuberance, he turned to the wrong gallery in the Old Court at Nottingham, and began to address his charge, which included some gruesome references, to two terrified ladies who were

watching the ceremony from a side-gallery, upon which Byles, J., uttering a loud "Good God!" leapt round on his seat, and the terrified ladies vanished into space.

Of Mr. Justice Willes, who shortly after coming round the Midland Circuit committed suicide, Coleridge would tell how he was summoned one morning early to the Judge, whom he found wrapped in a towel fresh from his bath, and apparently much perturbed at having to sentence a "criminous clerk"; his mind was already in a state of tension and great depression.

Coleridge had a great affection for Mr. Justice Wightman, whose oddities were various, and were enhanced by a wheezy voice. One of the Judge's peculiarities was to get hold of the menus of banquets and to go through each item of an imaginary diet, remarking, "I should have twice of fish—I would take the entrée but not the joint—I should have a large helping of duck and two helpings of ice-pudding." One of the Judge's constant fears was that he could not get through the business of any heavy assize, and he would call out, "Arthur, half the prisoners will have to be adjourned and all the causes made into remanets." Coleridge

would often repeat a soliloquy of the Judge, on an occasion when the former was acting as Marshal. Wightman stood at a window in the hotel at Oakham caressing a cat that happened to be in the room ; Coleridge heard him say to himself, " Dear me, here I am at Oakham,—Oakham in the county of Rutland,—Oakham, with Arthur Coleridge—God bless my soul ! " He was very proud of his son-in-law Matthew Arnold, who occasionally came as his Marshal, when he was always introduced to the High Sheriff or any other dignitary as " My son-in-law, Matt Arnold, Professor of Pō-ē-try at Oxford." On one summer Circuit in Devonshire, when Coleridge was marshalling for his uncle, the Judge, they took a boating trip, which ended in a bathe by the marshals, in the course of which they perceived to their horror Wightman slowly stripping himself, and with the words " I'm coming " he took a heavy header into a deep pool, and vanished from their gaze. However, he re-emerged, and was soon landed and restored to judicial propriety.

Among the stories of this Judge which were most urgently called for on festive occasions, was one referring to Mr. Justice

Wightman's attention to the pleasures of the table. He once took the precaution to visit the larder and inspect the fare provided for the Judges and their clerks. A fine salmon reposed in one dish and some whiting in another. "Who are these for?" asked the Judge. The attendant replied that the latter were intended for "their lordships" and the former "for their lordships' clerks." "Oh, indeed; well, then, you'll be good enough to send that to their lordships and those to their lordships' clerks."

Of Baron Huddleston Coleridge was not fond. He recalled how Lady Diana would constantly be on the Bench, and how, when he (Coleridge) had to order "women and children to leave the Court," the Baron would slyly sibillate, "You won't order Di out, will you?" Coleridge would recall with horror how, having escaped to Venice after a long Circuit, he came upon the Baron in the Piazza San Marco—a most incongruous meeting.

Of Mr. Justice Hawkins, in spite of his frequent appearances on the Midland Circuit, Coleridge had few recollections beyond the discomfort of his airless Courts and the "baldacchino" erection on the Bench to

keep out the draughts. The two men had nothing in common.

Arthur Coleridge's really intimate friends on the Bench were Baron Bramwell and Mr. Justice Wills. His efforts to interest Bramwell in music were not always successful, as is illustrated by the Baron's note after sitting through a performance by the Bach Choir : " I prefer Offenbach to Bach often." The Baron's usual joke when adding a flogging to a sentence was to whisper to the Clerk of Assize, " Special Indorsement, Arthur, I think."

Mr. Justice Wills appreciated fully Coleridge's musical enthusiasm, and it was at a musical party given by the Judge at the Warwick County Hall that Coleridge last sang on any public occasion. His accompanist was Mrs. Robert Lyttelton, and his flute-like voice as he sang " Waft her, angels," and " O wert thou in the cauld blast," still echoes round the hall in the memory of some who were there.

The Judges whom Coleridge specially welcomed on Circuit were those whose careers at the Circuit Bar he had watched with interest ; of these Mr. Justice Wills, Mr. Justice Cave, and Mr. Justice Lawrence were

special instances. Of the quaint wit of the last named a favourite specimen was his speech as counsel for the Duke of Rutland in a colliery dispute (possibly for wrongful dismissal) brought by a collier at the instance of his trade union. Lawrence opened the defence by saying, "I do not appear for a wealthy collier, swilling champagne at the mouth of a pit which he refuses to descend : I appear for a simple horny-handed Duke."

Mr. Justice Cave's rasping comment, "That won't do, yer know," to barristers wrestling with legal argument, was a favourite phrase for Coleridge's repetition.

A witness's reply to Horace Smith, a staid and correct-minded counsel on Circuit, the late well-known London magistrate, always tickled Coleridge and those to whom he told the story. There had been the usual luncheon interval, during which the truculent witness, a cattle dealer, had partaken his share ; Horace Smith began gingerly, " You have been lunching, I hope, during the interval ? " " Yes, of course I have." " Ah ! anything to drink ? " Upon which witness ground out between his teeth, " Soda-water, you d——d little fool."

Stories of Marwood the executioner were

in Coleridge's *répertoire*. One related to Peace, the murderer, who, when led out to the scaffold, anxiously inquired as to the strength of the rope, to which Marwood replied, "Don't you fear, Charlie; it will be all right in the end." On another occasion Marwood said, "It could not have been bettered; why, he went off as gentle as a summer morning."

The strange Derbyshire case of an aggravated assault by two younger brothers on their eldest brother, owing to jealousy of his succession to a substantial estate, excited the interest of Mr. Gladstone. The attack was made on a Christmas Eve in a dining-room, after the butler had been induced to leave the room. After committal for trial the brothers fled the country and forfeited their bail. Mr. Gladstone was heard by a friend of Coleridge's dilating on the topic, which he divided into seven heads of remarkable incidents: "Firstly, the sacredness of the day, Christmas Eve; secondly, the relationship of the parties; thirdly, the peculiar nature of the assault; fourthly, the subornation of the major-domo; fifthly, the assailants' singular ignorance of the gross illegality of their action; sixthly, the con-

nivance of their solicitor in their escape; seventhly and lastly, forfeiture of their recognizances to the Crown." These headings were all recited by Coleridge with the rolling burr of their original author.

Another outburst of Mr. Gladstone's on a Judge who gave a youth only three months' hard labour for firing at the Queen's carriage, used to haunt Coleridge's memory: "Will no one relieve us from this man's *ghastly* incompetence?"

The vagaries and vanities of Judges' clerks were frequent sources of amazement to the Clerk of Assize. One of these gentry, by way of summarizing his administration of the oath to a jury which included a Jew, used to recite, "You shall well and truly try, *etc.*, as regard eleven of you, so help you, God, and, as to the twelfth, Jehovah." The same clerk, when informed of the presence of a Hebrew in the jury or witness-box, would bid the usher in a loud voice to "pass the Pentateuch," a phrase which Coleridge adopted at mess for passing the wine, and "Pass the Pentateuch" would be called out by him when the champagne bottle was delayed in transit. Another sentimental clerk, on a trying occasion when a verdict

for murder was being awaited, and the crowd outside the Court was getting restless and noisy, said to Coleridge, "How the howling crowd without contrasts with the peaceful scene within!" the "peaceful scene" consisting of his careful preparation of the black cap for the Judge's use.

So must end my tags of Arthur Coleridge's tales. They necessarily lack the sparkle and glamour of the teller, the rippling laugh often followed by the loud boyish guffaw at the finale, the vision of the fine head with its thick shock of grey hair poked forward, and the hand lightly laid on the listener's arm. To take one's arm when walking through the streets was his almost invariable custom, and it was sometimes embarrassing when he stopped to re-light an extinguished cigar by the flaring jet of an open-fronted shop. His genial greetings of Juniors at mess, to whom he had become attached, was infectious, while his welcome to Seniors who were his contemporaries but whose presence on Circuit was getting rare, would be almost stentorian. If not in genial company, however, he could be strangely silent and *distract*. There were studious moods, when in his private sitting-room in the evening, arrayed

in a gorgeous dressing-gown, he would be immersed for hours in his books, only stopping at intervals to say, "Just listen to this!" "How good!" or "How rich!" The church-going on Circuit was constant. He haunted Lincoln Cathedral, anticipating the intoning cleric by his *sotto voce* devotions, and occasionally disturbing his fellow-worshippers by his too resonant cough. His profound respect for Bishops and great divines was a subject of jest, but a more genuinely pious-minded man could not often be found. His hero-worship of great soldiers was strongly marked, and the cult of the Duke of Wellington became almost an obsession; in the history of naval fights he was also an expert. But it must be confessed that his interest in modern wars was but elusive. The Crimea and the Indian Mutiny were still to him realities, while his knowledge of the Peninsular and Waterloo campaigns was almost unique. It is a mercy that he was spared the anxieties of the present day; the deaths of the young, and the innumerable calls on him for sympathy with relatives and friends in distress and bereavement, would have overwhelmed his tender heart.

It is not for the writer of these notes to dwell on his family affection, though home events and correspondence were unstintedly poured out to him. Coleridge's pride in his elder daughter's literary success, and in his younger daughter's music, gave joy to his life. To the unbroken happiness of his married life there is no need to refer ; it was self-evident. It was my sad privilege to bring him back from Circuit when the news came of his wife's fatal illness ; he was strangely quiet and unruffled, accepting all the necessary fuss of a hurried journey like a child. I landed him at his own sad door, thankful just to hear that he was in time. He bore his loss well, and returned to work the same Circuit. But the death of his elder daughter, with the consequent cessation of their almost daily correspondence, was a more severe blow ; from that time onwards one felt it a sacred duty to give him what one could in the way of companionship, and her memory as a cherished friend of my wife's remained a close bond of sympathy.

At Lincoln he rejoined Circuit after the death of his wife, and at Lincoln, as was fitting, he ended his Circuit career. Hurriedly summoned to take up his duties for the time

being, I could only clasp his hand as he sat dazed and, in truth, slowly dying, in his armchair in the sitting-room, waiting to be taken home for the last time. "I leave it all to you," was all he murmured, meaning the necessary Circuit work. Never again for me the affectionate greeting or the cheering laugh. And now, alas! these few words are all I can leave in memory of Arthur Coleridge.

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